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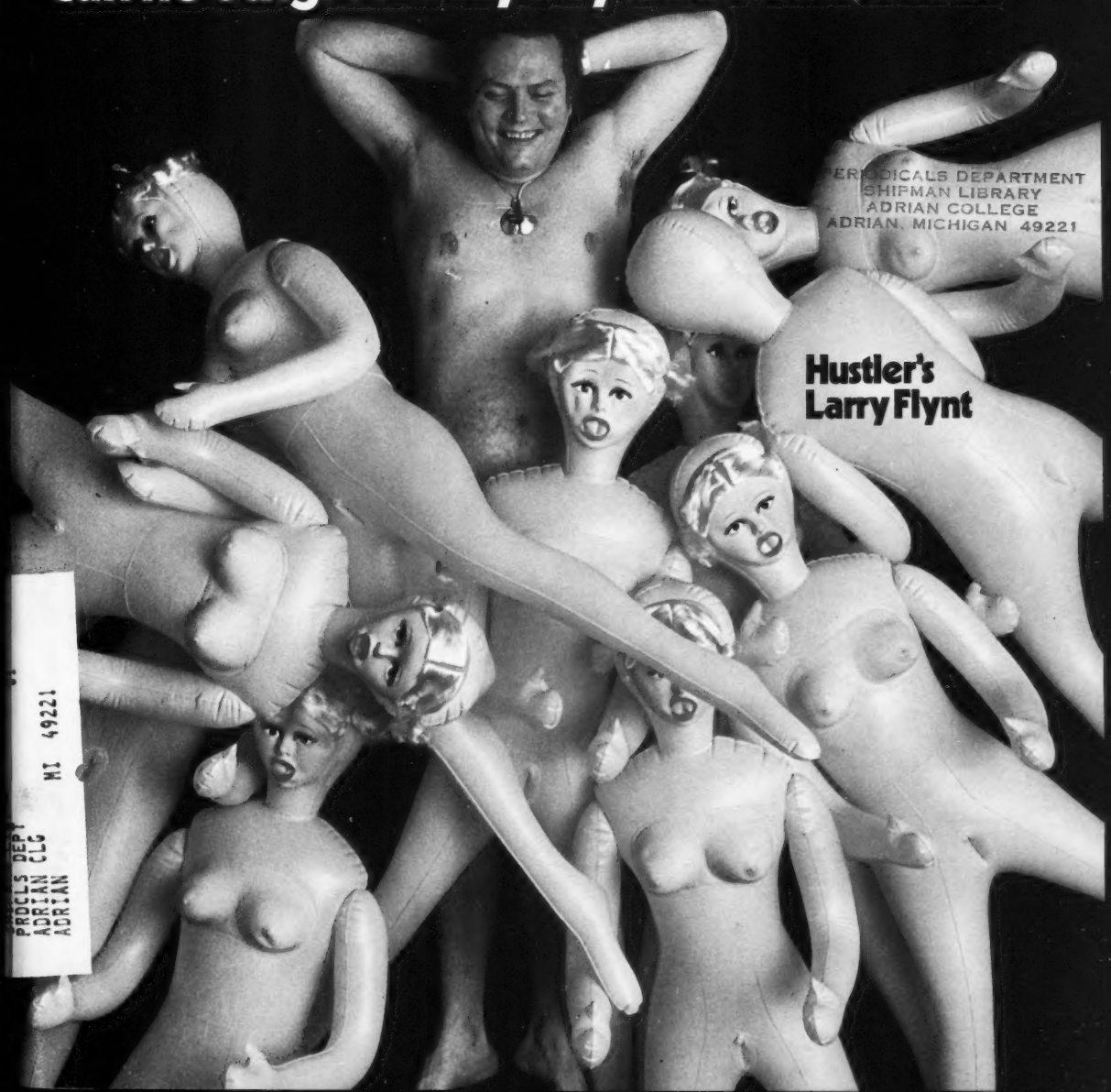

Hustler's Larry Flynt

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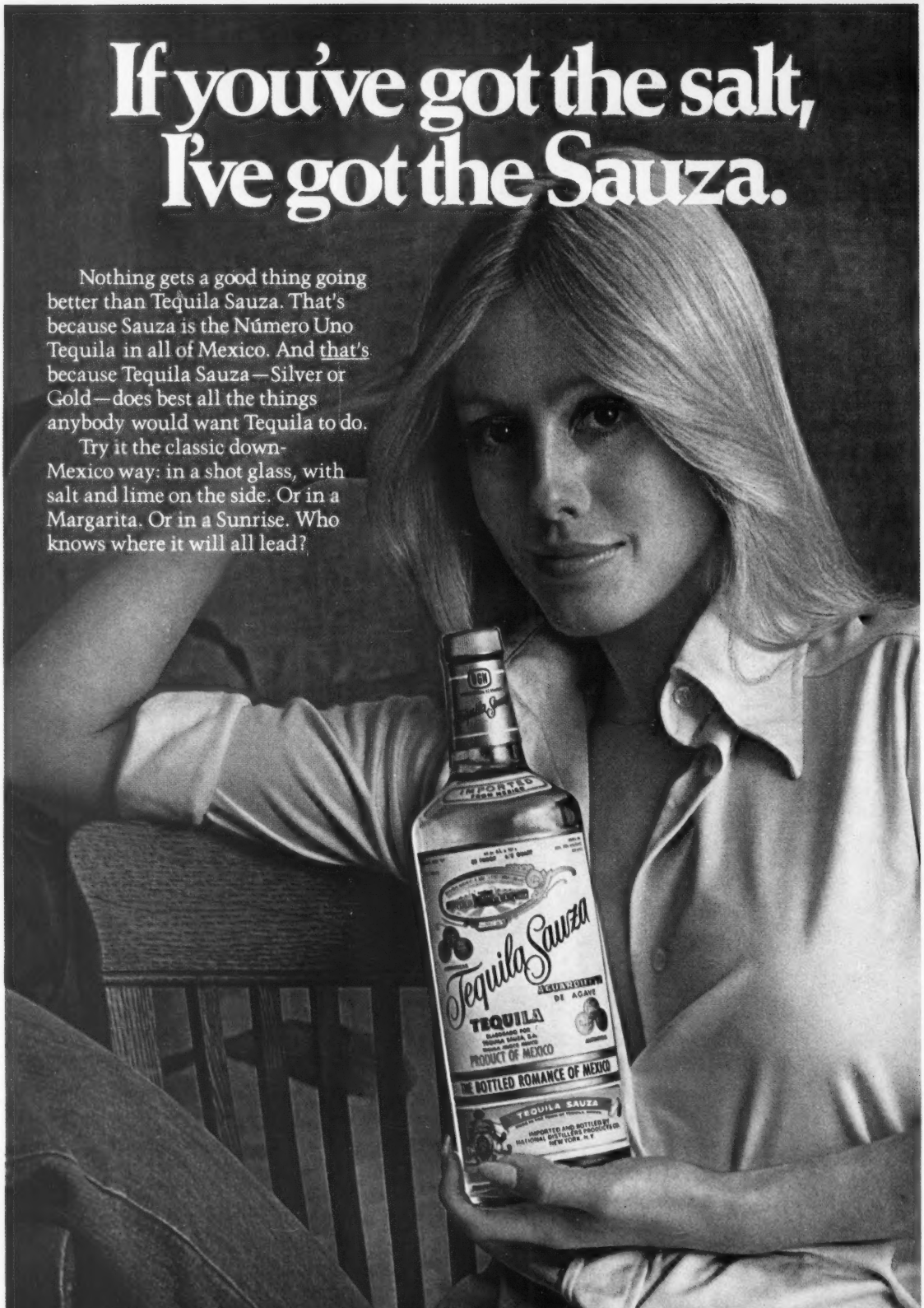
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● "Thanks to **Moneysworth**, I am $5,417 richer. I battled the Social Security Administration unsuccessfully for 18 months, then finally won out by following the advice of your article 'By All Means, Appeal'."—*S. Dominguez; Waterbury, Conn.*

● "Your article on air-fare 'triangular' routes was an astonisher. My wife and I saved $100 *each* on a trip to New York by stopping off at Las Vegas as you suggested."—*H. Kesselman; Los Angeles.*

● "Boys, you are not going to believe this, but I have parlayed $146 into *$90,000* thanks to your informative article on breaking into real estate."—*Horace T. Pinrose; Montgomery, Iowa.*

● "Your write-up on income averaging for tax purposes saved us $1,100 this year. We didn't realize retirees could do this."—*Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Long; Morro Bay, Calif.*

● "We salute **Moneysworth** for its excellent report on our free sex-counseling-by-telephone service. As a result of it, we've received calls from all 50 of the United States—including Hawaii and Alaska—and even a few from Europe and Africa."—*Community Sex Information; Boston; (617) 232-2335.*

● "Your recommendation that readers reduce orthodontic bills by having the work done at a university dental school saved me $1,350 on my daughter's teeth."—*Bob Walters; Oxon Hills, Md.*

● "Your tip on flying to Europe via Afghanistan saved me $450. You've made me a subscriber for life."—*Charles B. Fager, M.D.; Harrisburg, Pa.*

● "Your advice on Social Security resulted in a $3,135 lump-sum cash payment to my wife, and $171 monthly pension. The best investment I ever made was a subscription to **Moneysworth**."—*Dr. Herman W. Hortop; La Grange, Ill.*

● "As a result of your article on nonprofit, low-cost memorial associations, we have been receiving 400 inquiries *per day*. You'll get an inkling of the immense amount of money your subscribers have saved when you realize that *each* of our members saves well over $1,000 on a funeral."—*R.J. Stevens, President, Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies; Chicago.*

● "Your tip about deducting the cost of transportation between my two teaching jobs saved me in taxes at least the cost of a ten-year subscription. Not only that, but your publication is lively, off-beat, a delight to read."—*Professor Reuben Garner; State University College; Brockport, N.Y.*

● "Thanks to your article 'How to Buy a New Car for $125 Over *Dealer's* Cost,' I just bought a Chevy at a saving that I estimate at $350."—*Ron Bromert; Anita, Iowa.*

● "Your article 'Inaccurate Billing by the Phone Company' led me to discover four years of overcharges. I got a $1,593 refund."—*Armand DiRienzo; Bristol, Pa.*

● "**Moneysworth**'s product ratings sure stretch the dollar. I bought the Canonet 35MM rangefinder camera you recommended, and saved 30%."—*R. Goodrich; Tucson, Ariz.*

● "Your article 'How to Fight a Traffic Ticket' saved me a $200 lawyer's fee *and* a ticket."—*W.R. Wendel; Hicksville, N.Y.*

● "Your article 'How to Avoid Paying an Exorbitant Doctor Bill' saved me $65."—*Carl Wagner; Yorktown Heights, N.Y.*

● "Your expose of charity rackets was a shocker. I've crossed several well-known organizations off my list, saving hundreds of dollars."—*Freida McMullin; Steilacoom. Wash.*

● "Your article on how to save $100 on a color TV worked. **Moneysworth** sure knows how to hold onto the green."—*P. Allen; Dir. Student Union; Henderson College; Arkadelphia, Ark.*

● "Your article on 'coupon refunding' got my husband and me hooked on the hobby. It saves us enough each year to pay for our vacation."—*Grace Ellen Feingold; Brooklyn, N.Y.*

● "By ordering cigarettes from Wilson, N.C., as **Moneysworth** suggests, I have cut my smoking expenses in half."—*R. Paniewski; Chi.*

● "Your suggestion that readers buy $200-deductible car insurance instead of the usual $50-deductible saved me *hundreds* of dollars. Insurance salesmen hate like hell to sell it because there's little profit in it for them, but it sure saves me money."—*Gary W. Goodwin; Sunland, Calif.*

● "For years I had always been the victim of greedy car mechanics till **Moneysworth** steered me to Jimmy's Service Station in Guttenberg, New Jersey. My old '66 Ford now runs much better than most new cars and the amount of money Jimmy has saved me—compared with estimates I've gotten from other mechanics—is *unreal*."—*Mrs. Dorothy Tyborski; Secaucus, N.J.*

● "You sure did us a good turn recommending Mayflower for our move from California to Minnesota. Would you believe the bill was a hundred bucks *under* the estimate?"—*D.J. Ganser; Owatonna, Minn.*

● "Upon **Moneysworth**'s advice, I asked the phone company for an itemized bill. As a result, I discovered that for years I had been paying for a nonexistent extra line. Result: A $550 refund. My trial subscription has paid for itself 110 times over!"—*George Petsche; Washington, D.C.*

● "Because of savings you just helped me make on a new car, I calculate that I can subscribe to **Moneysworth** for forty-six years and the subscription will be absolutely free. You're marvelous!"—*Mrs. J. Wilson; Philadelphia, Pa.*

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● "Your article on TV game shows gave me confidence to try for 'The $10,000 Pyramid.' I won $850!"—*Ted Zammit; Franklin Square, N.Y.*

● "Your suggestion that I use a fake name in the phone directory, instead of paying $1 per month for an unlisted number, alone pays for my **Moneysworth** subscription several times over."—*C.B. Russel; N.Y.C.*

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JANUARY 9, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1

New Times

TOP OF THE NEWS

The FBI's secret soldiers

Lest one think the FBI's reign of terror began and ended with Martin Luther King, here's a chilling little story about what havoc just a few Bureau agents were able to wreak on the Left in San Diego during the late Sixties and early Seventies.

By Peter Biskind

Page 18

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TOP OF THE NEWS

On the job training

Maine's Governor Longley swept into office last year as the first of the Independents: an ex-insurance agent opposed to politicos and their games and used to a hard day's work. Thus far, his record in office has been decidedly amateur.

By Gerry Nadel

Page 26

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

America's favorite reproduction system

The Xerox machine, at first strictly a help in business, has become a tool for artists, a cause for addiction and an object of affection. It has put narcissism, personal histories and news scoops right at our fingertips.

By Ralph Keyes

Page 34

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Grossing out with publishing's hottest hustler

Hustler, a slick and exceptionally raunchy skin magazine, has grown in circulation to 1.8 million in just 18 months. The secret, according to publisher Larry Flynt, is in "responding to what people are and not what we'd like them to be." In short, he's out to outrage everybody. After a week's visit, our writer concludes that Flynt, if nothing else, can certainly do that.

By Robert Ward

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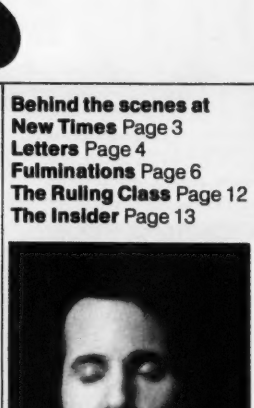
The Insider Page 13



REVIEWS:

Music: Not-so-simple Simon

Paul Simon doesn't often defend his work, but he's proud of his new album and wants people to know.

By Janet Maslin

Page 57

Books: Fuhrer over nothing

The Hindenburg set out to be a disaster movie but only got halfway.

By Nik Cohn

Page 63

Books: Royal flush

A Cornell professor takes up where Sir Thomas Crapper left off in *The Bathroom*.

By Geoffrey Wolff

Page 64

Final Tribute

The flight of fancy

By James Landis

Page 68

Behind The Scenes

Robert Ward used to walk into the Emerald Inn, a neighborhood bar in the San Francisco suburb of Daley City, pick out an unsuspecting barfly and sit down next to him. He'd pull a half dozen "Boulevard" watches out of his pocket, nudge the guy with his elbow and say, "Hey, buddy. These watches just fell off the truck."

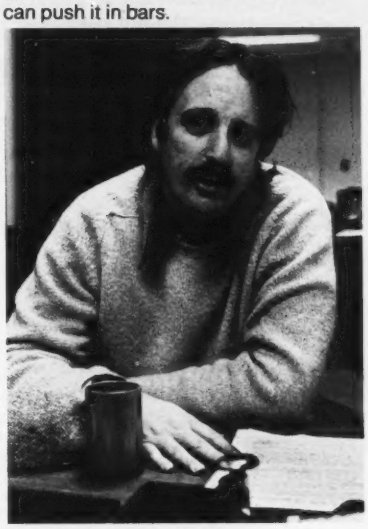
If his prey wouldn't bite, Ward's friend Kit Carson would walk in and sit down on the mark's other side. Ward would show Carson his watches and Carson would say, "Hey, those are great watches. Imported from England." Then Carson would pull $75 out of his pocket and buy three of the watches. If the team was lucky, the man in the middle would go home with a watch that was guaranteed to pop its springs in two weeks.

It's been eight years now since Bob Ward left his hustle in San Francisco. But the 32-year-old contributing writer to *New Times* hasn't lost his fascination for people who have mastered his former trade. In the last year, Ward has taken time off from his teaching position at Hobart-William Smith College in Geneva, New York, to hang out with used car salesman Eddie Livingston, repossessor Barney Matthews and ambulance chaser Jimmy Morgan, and profile each of them for *New Times*. And so, when we decided to take a peek at the skin-magazine phenomenon through the eyes of its newest entrepreneur, Larry Flynt of Columbus, Ohio, we had only to look at the name of his publication—*Hustler*—to know who our writer had to be.

Ward came back from Columbus with a smile as wide as the Ohio River and enough tales to fill Ohio State's football stadium. Instead, they fill pages 42 to 56 of this issue in a cover story entitled "Grossing out with publishing's hottest hustler."

"I have a special affinity for hustlers like Flynt," Ward says. "I might not approve of what they do, but I understand them and even have a certain amount of compassion for them. I grew up in Baltimore in a culture that gave you no support as an artist. If you were interested in writing, you had to be duplicitous so that no one knew you were doing such things. I had to learn to be a con man."

His experiences as a con man are chronicled in his novel, *Shedding Skin*, which Harper and Row published in 1971. He has just completed his second novel, *Dead People*. If it doesn't sell in the bookstores, Ward's got an alternative. He and Kit Carson can push it in bars.



Robert Ward

Speaking of hustlers, the December 12 issue of *New Times* carried a story about a man named "Omar" who runs a school to train beggars. Well, "Omar" turns out to be Alan Abel, and under that rubric he has perpetrated some of the better hoaxes of the last decade (organizing the Society for Indecency to Animals and once posing—with a paper bag over his head—as Howard Hughes). Making the connection between Omar and Abel, Gabe Pressman of WNEW-TV News in New York deduced that Omar's school for beggars was yet another Abel hoax, and one that the press had fallen for with remarkable ease. (Among those who joined *New Times* in news stories on Omar's school: WCBS-TV, *A.M. New York*, the *Tomorrow* show, the Canadian Broadcasting Company and the *New York Daily News*.)

The case may not be all that simple. Sonny Kleinfield, who wrote the story for *New Times*, has checked back with his original sources, and some new ones as well, including the landlord of the building where Omar held his beggar classes. Kleinfield discovered, for instance, that ads for Omar's school had run in *The Village Voice* for at least six months; he tracked down no less than 20 former students of Omar's, all of whom claim to be making a decent (we use the word advisedly) living off the streets. And Sonny himself attended a recent class and reports that the present students seem to be taking it all seriously. "It makes sense to me that Abel would run this school," says Kleinfield. "All he's doing is making thieves out of other people too."

The *New York Times* recently ran a story on its front page two days in a row about the trial of a young man accused of killing his mother. It was an interesting story, pointing up all the evidence that cast doubt on the boy's conviction, including a forced confession and the timing of events that would have required a backward running clock. The story caused particular interest here at *New Times*, because the subject happened to be the Peter Reilly murder case, which we had put on the cover of *New Times*, February 8, 1974, and which we had followed up in a subsequent article by the same writer, Joan Barthel. The *New York Times* added very little to Barthel's original reporting on the story, save one item: that, subsequent to the *New Times* cover story, Arthur Miller had become very interested in the case. The question is: Does that make an old story front page news?

George A. Hirsch

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICIA LEPLUS

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Letters

A grain of truth

Your December 12 issue is a periodical rarity. The article on wheat ("Against the American grain") raised my anger to a new level. To realize that such incredible high-level gangsterism is going unchallenged—and then to read that President Ford will veto any legislation designed to put an end to that stealing by the grain companies—makes it impossible for me to retain any faith in our present leadership.

Then to go from that anger to incredible sorrow . . . I cried a little inside at Corinne Browne's story on the wives of Viet vets ("The War in the bedroom"). Her own anger and compassion flowed out of every word. And isn't it all cut from the same cloth? The corruption, the thievery, the contempt for human beings?

David Golden
New York City

Ramblin'

Tell Janet Maslin that there are quite a few of us living "east of Haight-Ashbury" who have always liked both "Bobby McGee" and the ageless Ramblin' Jack Elliott. What we are sick to death of is the glut of articles on the "legendary" Bob Dylan (Music, December 12) and his would-be successor, Bruce Springsteen. They share similarly unbearable vocal mannerisms, babbling incoherence in lyrics and an excess in adulation among the aging but still determinedly hip youth of the Sixties that is at best unmerited and at worst positively ludicrous.

David Prior
Albany, New York

VWs for MDs

I greatly appreciated your item exposing the mass rip-off by today's overpaid MDs (Insider, December 12). Doctors can poor-mouth all they want about rising costs of insurance and overhead, but I've yet to see one driving around in a VW or living in modest surroundings. For those of us who believe in reincarnation, we wish them many lives on earth as sickly patients.

Kathleen Young
Locust Valley, New York

Give us a break

Ron Rosenbaum's interesting article ("Soap gets in your eyes," December 12) reminded me of an incident I witnessed last summer. I was wading at the Jersey shore when a small plane flew overhead, trailing a message banner for McDonald's. Almost in unison a half dozen youngsters (several of whom didn't seem old enough to read) burst into song: "You deserve a break today." I wondered if they had been conditioned to sing out at the sight of a golden arch on the ride home.

Victor F. Berardelli, Jr.
Andover, New Jersey

Punishing stereotypes

The young girls who "avoided corporal punishments by batting their baby blue eyes" (I'm sure there were some brown and hazel-eyed girls, too) "until they managed to make them overflow" (Fulminations, December 12) did so more as a conditioned response to the norms established by a male-oriented society than as a result of schoolgirl rationale. Larry King should support the women's movement. When we are considered capable of accountable actions, there will be no problem in administering equal punishment.

Lora A. Verdi
Linden, New Jersey

Common grounds

Unfortunately for Corinne Browne's thesis in "The War in the bedroom" (December 12), half of the women portrayed in her article have more in common than their relationships with Vietnam veterans: Three of the six women lived with their men without the confines and responsibilities of marriage. What's more, two of these three had had abortions; one of them spent three years in prison before meeting her veteran at the age of 21; one had attempted suicide. Ms. Browne chose rather poor examples to prove that the breakup of Vietnam veterans' marriages was due to Vietnam.

Renny W. Hodgskin
Rockville Centre, New York

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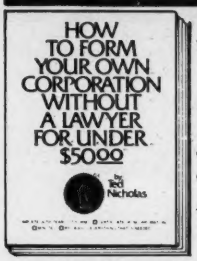

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A Christmas story

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

John Henry Faulk wallowed in the plush leather of an NBC-TV limousine as long as a banker's memory. As a liveried chauffeur sped him toward New York's Kennedy Airport, Faulk munched a fancy sandwich from a huge packet prepared by an old friend at the Algonquin Hotel. Though he is 62 now, enough sheer delight shined in his eyes to qualify him as the guest of honor at a kiddie birthday party. Faulk had just taped a *Tomorrow* show with Tom Snyder and had come away vastly pleased.

"Hail of a good show," he said in his syrupy drawl. "I mean, honey, ol' Tawm just turned me a-loose and I got in good licks against *all* them rascals." "Them rascals" largely included public officials who have walked dirt across the Constitution. If there is one thing John Henry Faulk loves more than frogs' legs or red-eye gravy, it is a precious thing called freedom. He knows at firsthand all the ugly things that can happen to you when somebody takes it away. They took John Henry Faulk's freedom away during the McCarthy era, and he's just managed to get it back.

A brief recapitulation for those of you who missed *New Times'* story "The ballad of John Henry " a few months back: Twenty years ago shake-down thugs, advertising themselves as super patriots and doing business under the name of Aware, Inc., blacklisted many of America's entertainers on the theory that they were communists or something close to it. One of the prime victims was John Henry Faulk. He spoke out against the sordid blacklisting in a time of national cowardice and panic and fear, and for this sin he lost his radio show on the CBS network and, indeed, until recently remained virtually unemployable. Then, ironically, the same network that had permitted his sacrifice—CBS—bought his story, *Fear on Trial,* and put him back in business. "They made me a bigger hero than I feel," Faulk says. "The phone ain't stopped ringin' since that TV show."

Sitting in his home on the outskirts of Madisonville in east Texas, where on eight acres he keeps a few chickens and horses and where the fishing is good, John Henry Faulk celebrated his refurbishment. "I've got a dozen *Hee Haw* shows in the can and more comin' up," he beams, "and they payin' me $2,000 a whack. I'm just lovin' it. They're lettin' me say what needs to be said. I'm preachin' pure-dee *revolution,* man! Yeah, I'm quotin' the *Constitution* to 'em. Doing the same thing on the lecture circuit, and folks gasp and ain't quite ready for

it yet." The telephone rings; Faulk agrees to appear on *Kup's Show* in Chicago. "Gonna go up against Pat Buchanan," he grins. "You know, he's the boy that wrote all the media attacks for that well-known felon Spiro Agnew. What you wanta bet, honey, that I find some interestin' things to ask 'im?" From Chicago Faulk would go to the West Coast to speak at UCLA and USC; thence to New Orleans University and also to a group of enlightened building contractors in Louisiana; to Pittsburgh; to Cleveland, where he would address the exclusive City Club. Under the guise of folk humor, using such characters as Cousin Claude and Peavine Jefferson and Ole Aunt Minnie, he'd tell them all that they lived in an absurd world they didn't care enough to change, that their priorities were jumbled, that most people stumble through life as if it were no more than a kiddies' playground: all swings and seesaws and now and again a few long slides. They laughed as if not guilty, paid him well and probably went off hoping to soon forget it. "Honey," Faulk says, "all I'm doin' is robbin' Wells Fargo. I ride in, take the money and ride out." Even if that were true, he'd have it coming to him.

Privately, Faulk is as forgiving as his Methodist mother would have wished. "Aw, most people, you know, they're good-hearted. The nuts are out there, you bet, but bless their confused hearts, we oughta all pray they get well." He fetches a letter written by a foaming lady in Cincinnati: *How dare you bring your dirty and disgusting so-called humor to television? How dare you make fun of our leaders and question our presidents?* "Poor thang," he says. "Maybe she ain't gettin' enough. We all got our problems." He sobers himself and says, "Really now, folks are treatin' me real heroic. There's not hardly any mean mail. Maybe that's because everybody thinks I'm a toothless, egg-suckin' ole dawg with my tail down in the dirt." But there is a mirth in his eyes tattling that he is far from believing it; that he yet dares to try, to fight, to hope. That night he is the speaker at a fund-raiser for Congressman Charles Wilson of Texas. "I turned down a $1,400 fee elsewhere," he said, "because I *believe* in Charlie. Told him if he'd get me a saddle and a bridle for my new horse, I'd call it even." One cannot but recall that not long ago no public official would have permitted John Henry Faulk on the platform.

Yes, it's wonderful to see Faulk vindicated, working profitably, the light again in his eyes. 'Tis the season to be jolly, I know, and it's Faulk's prerogative to forgive his tormentors. But I remember when he couldn't land a job, I remember the dead eyes in a brave face, I remember when none of us helped him. Bah, humbug to all who did him in, and to us who permitted it, and to you if you let anything like it happen again. ●

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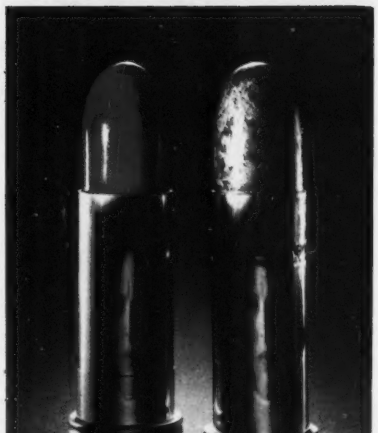

Women who murder

Female murderers fall out of the legal system all along the way from investigation to conviction because male officials cannot believe women are violent

By Janet Kole

Jean Brown and her lover were having the same argument they had had a hundred times before. She wanted to keep the child she was carrying; he wanted her to have an abortion, and offered to pay for it. "I don't want to go through another abortion," she said. "My body can't stand it." He kneeled off his teeth here of the afternoon, thoughtfully put down the can, and smashed his fist into her mouth. Then he walked away to put a record on the stereo.

Jean's hand went for the scissors on her sewing table, and before her lover had a chance to turn around, she had stabbed him twice in the back. She feared a him as an escaped fiend he punctured left lung and then he collapsed. She knew he was dead. As she screamed to the neighbors to call the police, she heard her young daughter crying in the next room. "Mommy, Mommy, what's wrong?" She shaded the police emergency number, asked for an ambulance, and reported to the sergeant on duty, "I just killed a man. You'd better hurry over." Then she washed her hands, and went in to comfort her child.

No one quite believes that women are capable of murder psychological studies of the mind of the murderer rarely talk about women who murder. And yet, one-third of all women now in jail are serving time for homicide, a higher percentage than for any other crime. And there's more figure-computing system to such reasons indicate that there are many more women who have killed walking around today, not-free because none of the people involved in apprehending them and whatever police, district attorneys, judges or juries is able to deal with the concept of the violent woman.

Jean Brown, for example, despite the fact that she turned herself in, thereby admitting her guilt, never spent a day in jail. The police attested her and charged her—then had to, since she reported to her she was released on her own recognizance. The D.A. refused to press first-degree murder charges and instead took her to court on the charge of second-degree murder, manslaughter. "Basically, there is a sympathetic reaction to a woman who is killed someone she is actually involved with," one Manhattan D.A. told me. "We definitely have a double standard with regard to the sex of the perpetrator." If a woman has children, the feeling is that "a woman belongs at her family. She's the nurturer, she isn't tough enough to take jail."

A sympathetic jury, led by the sympathetic prosecutor, was willing to find Jean Brown guilty if they could be assured that she would not be separated from her little girl. The judge in Jean's case was willing to make that same assurance and when sentencing time came, he gave her the maximum 10 to 15 year sentence suspended. "There is a tendency, among both men and judges, to be a little less severe with women I know I am," said the judge. "But family situations have a bearing on the kind of sentence a victim receives.

"There is a desire on the part of male judges to look for a reason for the crime, if the perpetrator is a woman," says Louise Howard, director of the Women's Law Center in the Manhattan Criminal Court system's Homicide Division. "There is a tendency to see that a woman is 'unique' in her female, and if they can emphasize certain facts and disregard others—like the night he or drugs, for example—they'll do that. It's a moral attitude that has worked to the 'benefit' of women defendants." One woman attorney (a former D.A.) put it more succinctly. "Judges are chickens—not about sentencing women to jail for murder."

There are many women like Jean Brown who have never gone to prison for the act of murder. Only the most obvious, unspeakable crimes committed by women have been punished (like Laura Bowden's 1972 botched crime—in her family). But for most women, whose crimes are committed in a moment of rage against a husband or lover, hanging a few months is enough to ensure either that the crime is finished up or that their sentence is minimal. Jean Brown got off, they could be assured that she would not be separated from her little girl. The judge in Jean's case was willing to make that same assurance and when sentencing time came, he gave her the maximum 10 to 15 year sentence suspended. "There is a tendency, among both men and judges, to be a little less severe with women I know I am," said the judge. "But family situations have a bearing on the kind of sentence a victim receives.

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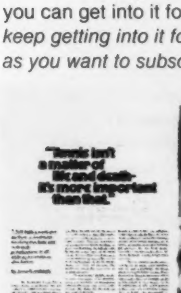
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What's the alternative to Reagan?

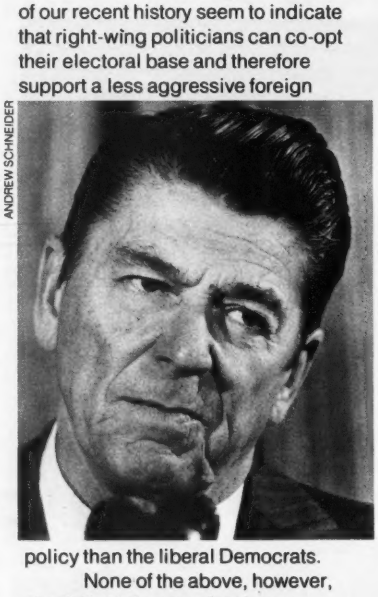
The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

Now that the polls have Ronald Reagan leading Gerald Ford among Republican and Independent voters, there is once again an appropriate chill in liberal hearts. The prospect of a Reagan presidency is supposed to galvanize us behind Hubert Humphrey or any other old fogy with the tested ability to defeat Reagan in a general election. As one who covered Reagan on his whistle-stops through Orange County in 1968, when he called for a bloodbath in Berkeley and for the elimination of welfare mothers, I am not at all sanguine about the delights of a Reagan presidency. He is a stiff, jerky person with a streak of intense hysteria, making his one of the more dangerous fingers to have on the nuclear buttons. But aside from that gloomy and very real concern, it would also be an error to exaggerate the conservative policy implications of a Reagan presidency.

California has gone from this old conservative governor to a very decent young liberal type, and yet, after one year of Jerry Brown's administration, one is hard-pressed to find the big difference. I have recently interviewed Brown at length and found that he views Reagan's conservatism as pretty much a matter of P.R. imagery. Reagan, after all, raised taxes three times while Brown has so far held the line.

Brown has appointed humane people to staff the bureaucracy and courts and secured passage of the farm labor relations act. While these are terribly important achievements, they do not gainsay the fact that the other policy differences between Brown and Reagan are quite marginal on the state level. It is not likely that their differences would be greater on a national level, certainly not in any easily predictable way. Nationally successful politicians obviously succeed not because they are "true believers" about their program or political ideology but rather because they can sniff the prevailing winds. Reagan is not very different from another right-wing Californian, Richard Nixon, who opened up relations with Red China and followed the same policy on Vietnam as the liberal best and brightest who preceded him. Is it so unlikely that Reagan would have an "enlightened" Harvard type like Henry Kissinger as his secretary of state, or that for all of his current hawkishness he would pursue a policy of international détente? On the contrary, the lessons of our recent history seem to indicate that right-wing politicians can co-opt their electoral base and therefore support a less aggressive foreign



ANDREW SCHNEIDER

policy than the liberal Democrats.

None of the above, however, should be taken as a benign or supportive stance toward a Reagan candidacy. On domestic issues, a right-wing president, in order to appease his basic electoral constituency, would appoint lousy judges, unleash the CIA and the FBI, begin plotting against the "subversives" in the government and the Democratic Party and cut back on social programs that are already woefully inadequate. It would be far better if Reagan could be induced to just go sit somewhere and spend his last years watching reruns of his old movies. It would be even better if he were to be defeated by a candidate who presented a progressive program to meet the needs and fears of the ordinary people who now support a Reagan or a Wallace. Which is the point of my getting into this depressing subject.

If we are stampeded into getting excited by Hubert Humphrey as the inevitable Reagan slayer, then we will once again have settled for a bankrupt status quo. To get excited by Humphrey is like getting excited about Harry Hopkins, and, in fact, a Reagan-Humphrey contest would be yet another debate about the New Deal, which is hardly relevant to the issues we now face. Yes, I confess I would very much rather Humphrey were president than Reagan, but that's blackmail. Hell, I even voted for Lyndon Johnson against Barry Goldwater and would probably do the same even after everything that happened. But why must we always face such miserable choices? It's about as exciting as the argument of whether one likes the Forties more than the Fifties. We live in a new and different time, and, as yet, no new politics has emerged to deal with it.

On the bright side, there does seem to be some serious content to the campaign of Fred Harris, and it would be a shame if candidates like him were cut off because of the spurious argument that they could not defeat the menacing forces of the Right as represented by Reagan. The last thing we need now is to return to the politics of fear, which will once again bury the real issues of power and direction that should be before us. In the long run, the right-wing populism identified with Reagan and Wallace can only be defeated by a left-wing populism. Reagan is a fraud, because while he speaks for the "little person," he actually supports the large corporations and the government bureaucracies that service them. Nor is there anything in the records of Humphrey and Jackson that indicates a break with those very same interests. The last serious Democratic candidate to make that break was Estes Kefauver, who took on the automobile, oil and drug companies. Harris and others should mine that vein. ●

A Kennedy/Richardson race in '76?
How Harvard Law School was had

The Insider

EDITED BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Politics

Campaign notes

As President Ford's troubles spiral, Commerce Secretary-designate Elliot Richardson's stock as a potential moderate candidate to oppose Ronald Reagan for the Republican nomination

WIDE WORLD

Kennedy & Richardson: rivals?

is on the rise. Oddly enough, one person who might be relieved by a Richardson race is Senator Edward Kennedy (D-Mass.). Kennedy has been speculating to friends recently that Richardson might just decide to run for the Senate seat that Teddy must defend in 1976. Richardson would undoubtedly run a formidable race against Kennedy, whose stand on busing is believed to have made him more vulnerable than usual. In the meantime, Teddy continues to stay busy squelching rumors that he might finally decide to run for president. He has written to an unauthorized Citizen's Committee to Draft Ted Kennedy, based in New York, and asked them to disband. The group has so far rejected the senator's plea and says it will continue to sponsor a petition drive, rallies and a possible write-in campaign on Kennedy's behalf.

—A second unauthorized draft movement has been nipped in the bud, this one on behalf of Watergate Judge John J. Sirica. Two Eureka, California, women had begun an effort to draft the judge as a nonpartisan candidate for president. The enterprising duo claimed to have put together 180 volunteers at their Eureka base, and also said they had organizations in seven California counties and six other states. A telegram campaign urging the judge to make the race apparently proved to be the group's downfall. Sirica wired back his appreciation to organizers Pat Hanratty and Betty Richter, but said he was quite happy as a judge and had no intention of running. At last word, the group had agreed to disband. So much for fanciful long shots.

—Thanks to columnist Jack Anderson, we may soon learn some personal details on presidential candidates that have traditionally been unavailable to the public. Anderson has asked each of the announced candidates, as well as those who have been seriously "talked about," to submit to his office both a medical report and the last five years of their tax returns. The columnist's request assures that no matter what response he gets, we're bound to learn something of interest about all of the candidates. Failure to comply, after all, may raise questions more interesting than those that surface in the tax returns and health reports themselves.

Patriotic costs

Patriotic citizens, in a show of bicentennial spirit, have begun sending President Ford commemorative gifts. So far, 400 have arrived, ranging from papier-mâché bunnies and bicentennial quilts to a solid gold bald eagle pin with diamond wings. Ford has even arranged to have Milt Mitler, deputy special assistant in charge of bicentennial activities, meet with anyone who wants to make a White House presentation. But what to do with the gifts? Ford can't keep them himself; and so he has decided to put them on display in the Great Hall of the Commerce Department. That's the problem, though. A generous outpouring has created an inadvertent federal boondoggle: $150,000 will go for display areas, $200,000 to pay supervisory employees and $940,000 to renovate and air-condition the Great Hall. Grand total: $1,290,000.

B.C. just couldn't Barrett

Considerable coverage has been given to the recent defeat of socialist governments in New Zealand and Australia. Meanwhile,the defeat of what three years ago became the most progressive socialist government in North America has gone unnoticed. In 1972, a coalition of New Left Marxists and liberal businessmen helped the New Democratic Party (NDP) achieve a surprising victory in British Columbia. David Barrett replaced as premier an eccentric right-winger, W.A.C. "Wacky" Bennett, whose Social Credit Party had been in power for 20 years.

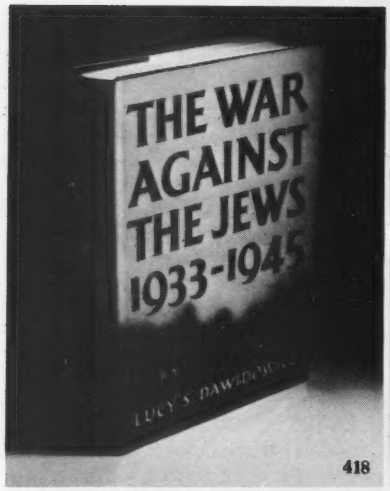
At first, "Little Fat Dave" Barrett (as he called himself) and his merry band of socialists seemed to be doing well. They lowered the average age of

WIDE WORLD

Barrett: fall of a premier

government workers by some 30 years and scored impressive coups by taking over and running a number of floundering B.C. businesses. When Barrett picked up Canadian Cellulose, a subsidiary of American Celanese,

36 engrossing books of history and wo



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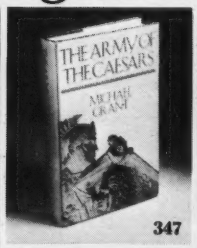

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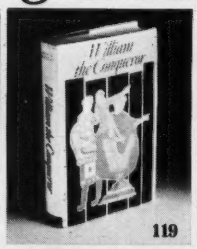

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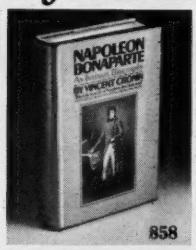

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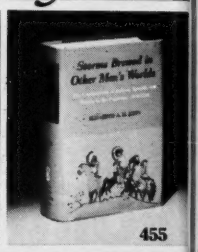

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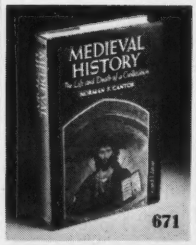

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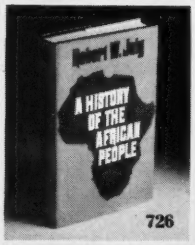

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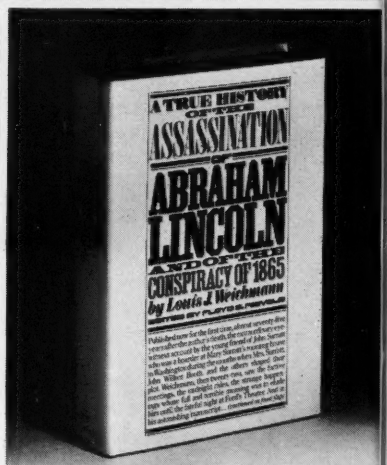

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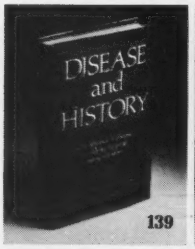

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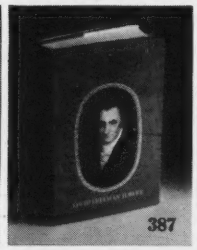
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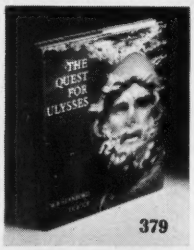

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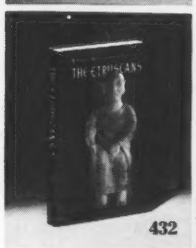

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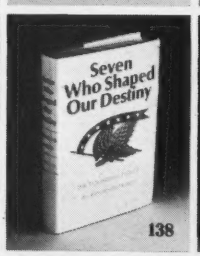

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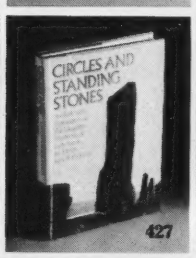

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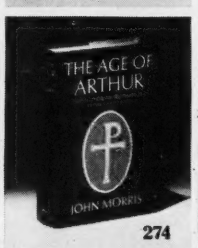

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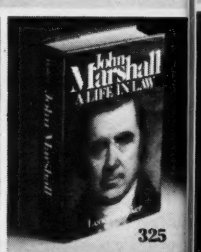

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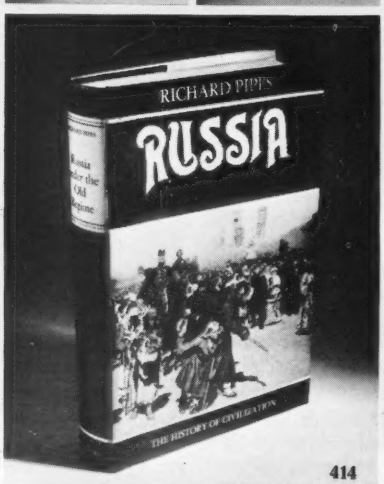

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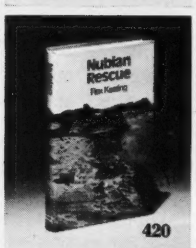

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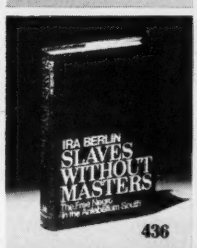

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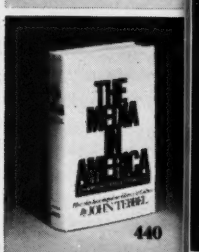

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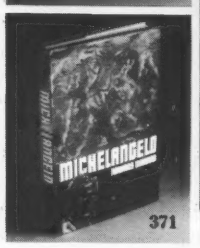

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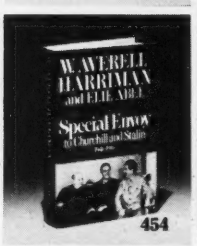

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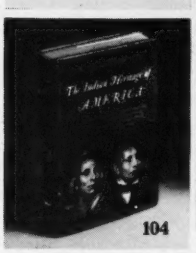

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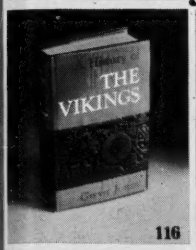

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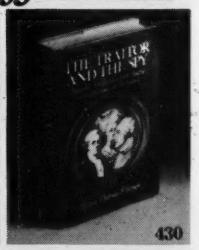

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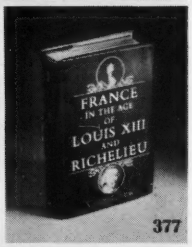

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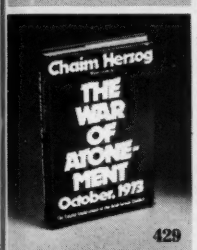

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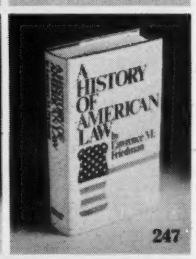

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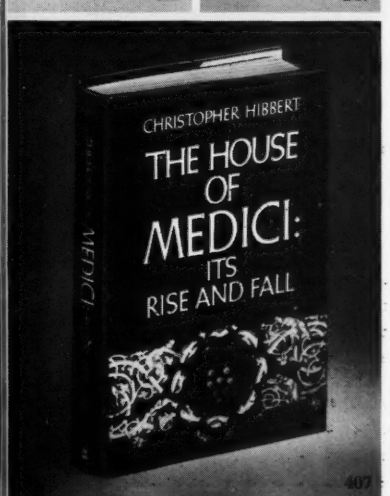

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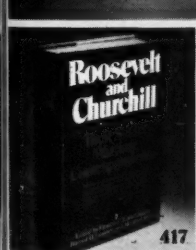

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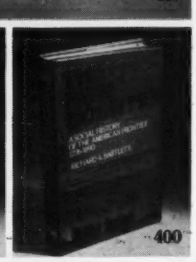
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the company had been losing $8 million a year. In its first year of state operation, the company made $10 million; the second year it made over $50 million. Later, when things had gone sour, observers pointed out how much of the success had been due to the astronomical rise in paper prices during that same period.

Buoyed by his initial successes, Barrett went on to slap a 5 percent royalty on mining profits and an increased stumpage fee on the timber industry. Expanded social programs included a minimum guarantee income for elderly and handicapped people and free day care centers. Although government spending doubled in two years, profits from nationalized companies helped the treasury surplus increase from $84 million in 1972 to $157 million in 1975.

Given all these successes, why was Barrett and his NDP voted out? Analysts attribute the unexpected defeat to a massive case of bad timing. In October, Barrett followed a Canadian wage-price freeze with his own freeze on food and fuel. Counting on the popularity of this move, the NDP called for an election two years before it had to and the decision backfired. The forest industry, source of one-half of B.C.'s income, had been plagued by strikes all summer and workers were restless. Then the Teamsters went on strike, the NDP ordered 58,000 of them back to work and suddenly Barrett had incurred the wrath of much of organized labor. The capper proved to be a sloppy and error-marred campaign conducted on Barrett's behalf.

While in power, Barrett always did his best to avoid labels. Once a lawyer accosted the premier with the statement, "I like every one of your policies, but I hate socialism." Shot back Barrett: "Call it porridge, then. You like porridge, don't you?" But when the voters finally went to the polls on December 11, they had clearly lost much of their enthusiasm for the porridge of socialism; the man who defeated Barrett was the son of the very person the premier had originally replaced: "Wacky" Bennett.

State of siege

It took two years of community pressure and lawsuits to pry files on antiwar activism from the Madison, Wisconsin, Police Department, and when the files were finally released in early December it was easy to see why. The 47-volume, 9,000-page "affinity files" confirm the worst fears of civil libertarians: Madison police spies blanketed the city between 1967 and 1973. The report, compiled by informants and undercover cops during the height of antiwar activity in the campus town, catalogs infiltration of newspapers, religious organizations and student groups, and details the surveillance of homes, neighborhoods and individuals.

The police files were at least as interesting for what they did not include as for what they did. Two thousand pages, said to be intelligence reports from outside agencies such as the FBI and the CIA, were deleted outright. Forty pages thought to include personality profiles of selected radicals and information on undercover burglaries conducted during student vacations were also missing. Former Inspector Herman Thomas, under whose tenure the squad was instituted, called the latter 40 pages "dynamite."

Madison Mayor Paul Soglin was among the reporters and ex-activists who spent a day at the city courthouse sifting through the files. Though all names had been blacked out before the files were released, Soglin easily spotted references to his own antiwar activities. So far, no specific action has been taken in response to the references, but Mayor Soglin is talking publicly about a city probe and the possibility of filing charges against those who worked on the squad.

Seventies

A Spiro by any other name

Informed of the hoax, a peripheral victim was unabashedly astonished: "If he really did it, he's got to be the most ballsy creature you've ever met."

Indeed, that might be the case. Early in December, Spiro M. Pavlovich III, alias Jason Scott Cord, was arrested by the FBI on three charges of making false statements in applying for federally insured HEW loans. Since then, the *Harvard Law Record* has helped unravel one of the more bizarre and clever cons we've run across in a long time.

The story begins in 1968, when Spiro Pavlovich was accepted into a joint law-business program at Harvard. He lasted almost three years and maintained a solid, if

Pavlovich and Cord: one and the same

unspectacular, record. Then, in February 1971, during some routine checking, the university discovered that Pavlovich had falsified his Tulane University undergraduate transcripts, saying that he had graduated when he actually had not. Harvard asked him to leave the law school.

The ambitious young man, who claims to be 24 but is listed as 29 on his arrest complaint, was not deterred. Late in 1972, according to FBI documents and other evidence, Pavlovich took on an assumed name—Jason Scott Cord—and reapplied to Harvard. This time he said that he was a 1972 graduate and former star football player at Louisiana State University. He was admitted to Harvard again for the fall of 1973. Pavlovich-Cord apparently grew a beard, began wearing tinted glasses and had little trouble going unrecognized.

In other facets of his life, however, Pavlovich-Cord was anything but unostentatious. Fellow students say he drove around in a silver-blue Mercedes, seemed to spend money freely, sent scores of Christmas cards to classmates and was one of the few people who wore a business suit to classes. Pavlovich-Cord was not

willing to let well enough be, however, and that apparently led to his downfall. During a job interview with the prestigious New York law firm Cravath Swaine & Moore, Pavlovich-Cord mentioned his football prowess at LSU; one of his interviewers turned out to be an LSU alumnus and the charade soon crumbled. Harvard brought in a handwriting expert, who compared documents written by Pavlovich and Cord, and concluded that they came from the same hand. The revelations led to Pavlovich-Cord's second dismissal, and to his subsequent arrest. He is now free on $10,000 bond, which he made the day of his arrest, but isn't yet ready to talk.

Thus the mystery of the fascinating double-sting continues. How, for instance, did Pavlovich-Cord so easily slip by university officials twice? What of his claim that he spent last summer working for Richard Nixon in San Clemente? Perhaps the answers will be forthcoming; in the meantime, consider this final irony: Those who knew Pavlovich-Cord report that after classes he often engaged his young criminal law professor, Richard Parker, in long discussions . . . on ethics.

Snuffing out rumors

Snuff, a highly publicized Argentinian porno film purported to contain the actual killing of four actresses, is a hoax, according to persons quite familiar with the soon-to-be-released film.

Monarch Releasing Corporation is bannering its ads for *Snuff* with the slogan "Are the killings real?" That's a question Monarch head Allan Shackleton won't quite answer. "If the pic depicts the real thing, I'd be in jail in two minutes," he told *Variety*, which has been exploring the controversy. "I'd be a damn fool to admit it. If it isn't real, I'd be a damn fool to admit it." *Variety* has independently concluded that the film is likely a retitled version of a film called *The Slaughter* and that it depicts no killings.

The picture they said could NEVER be shown...
BOXOFFICE
The Bloodiest thing that ever happened in front of a camera!!
SNUFF
The film that could only be made in South America... where Life is CHEAP!
MONARCH RELEASING CORPORATION

So far, Monarch appears to be unfazed by the skepticism, and a mid-January premiere of *Snuff* is still planned for Indianapolis. Meanwhile, the answer to the question raised by *New Times* columnist Jim Kunen in November—"Do snuff films exist?"—still seems to be no.

A legal hitch

Even though it is still illegal in many states, hitchhiking may yet become the mass transit solution that has long eluded rural areas. Colorado's Clear Creek County has received a grant from the Federal Urban Mass Transit Administration to set up five model "Ridestop" stations this spring along county roads and in small mountain towns. Hitchhikers will wait on benches in the enclosures and hold up signs printed with various destinations as cars approach.

BOB FITCH/BLACK STAR

Without a hitch

A Little bit more

Civil rights lawyer Jerry Paul, who gained national attention for his defense of Joan Little, will soon use similar tactics in an effort to gain a new trial for Delbert Lee Tibbs. The 34-year-old black man was convicted in 1974 on charges of raping a 16-year-old girl and shooting her boyfriend in a vegetable field near Fort Myers, Florida.

Paul's efforts are already supported by a fund-raising committee whose sponsors include Angela Davis, Eartha Kitt, Aretha Franklin and Joan Little herself. The group is offering a $10,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction "of the people really responsible for the crimes." Funds will also be used to mount an attack on the jury selection system in Lee County, Florida, where the new case would be heard. Prospective jurors are presently drawn at random from voter registration polls, and Paul claims the method does not gather a sufficient cross section of the community.

Paul also intends to challenge the method by which the rape victim identified her alleged assailant. The teenager was shown three pictures. All were of Tibbs.

Squeaking by Patty

Has Patty Hearst's celebrity appeal diminished in the wake of her capture? Apparently so. At a recent autograph auction held by Charles Hamilton gallery in New York City, the owner of a Patty Hearst letter set a minimum price of $1,000. The document failed to attract a single bid. Gallery owner Hamilton believes the letter might be worth $50 at most. Even if she is convicted, says Hamilton, "it will never be worth anything. She is a totally insignificant person and will be forgotten." Even Squeaky Fromme seems to have more drawing power at the moment. Hamilton reports that a Fromme letter recently went for $75 and three of her postcards for $250.

An unlikely bond

When the Israel Bonds organization took up residency at 141 Milk Street in Boston, the lessees made an unusual arrangement with their landlord: The $1,500-a-month rent would be payable in long-term Israel bonds. That was fine with the Jewish owner of the building, real estate magnate Maurice Gordon.

But then Gordon died and the Israel Bonds people wondered whether the rent arrangement would hold up. Their fears were not allayed after the building was sold to the high bidder—United Realty of Kuwait. So far, though, all has turned out well. The rent agreement had been written into the lease and has been allowed to stand.

"You have a lease, and you live by the lease," explained Thomas Horan, president of Meredith & Grew, the company managing the building for the Kuwaitis.

Asked what the Kuwaitis might do with their unusual rent, Meyer Steinglass of the New York Israel Bonds headquarters could offer only minimal advice: "The market to sell the bonds before they mature is very limited. But they can be redeemed for spending in Israel."

THE FBI'S SECRET SOLDIERS

BY PETER BISKIND

Another chapter from the Bureau's files: During the late Sixties and early Seventies, FBI agents egged on, financed and armed a right-wing "death squad" in San Diego. Its purpose was to force the Left back underground, figuratively and literally

For two years now we have been showered with fragments of the Watergate bomb—COINTELPRO, INLET, the Plumbers, the Huston Plan, the Liddy Plan—bits and pieces of incendiary material that briefly illuminated the dark landscape of the Nixon years before falling to earth, burnt out, harmless, dead.

But some scraps keep glowing. They lie quietly for months, like the delayed time bombs strewn about Vietnam, before finally igniting to reveal the glacial outline of a vast, centralized law enforcement apparatus.

One of these fragments was the FBI's COINTELPRO-NEW LEFT (Counterintelligence New Left), a program launched in 1968. The Bureau, in the timeless prose of its own scribes, had become "highly concerned that the anarchistic activities of a few can paralyze institutions of learning, induction centers, cripple traffic, and tie the arms of law enforcement officials all to the detriment of our society. The organizations and activists who spout revolution and unlawfully challenge society to obtain their demands must not only be contained, but must be neutralized."

To this end, the FBI initiated an elaborate series of operations aimed at disrupting the New Left. Antiwar groups were honeycombed with informers who not only fed a constant stream of information to the Bureau but also engaged in acts of organizational sabotage. FBI infiltrators squandered scarce financial resources, created conflicts by spreading gossip and false accusations, sent phony letters to other groups, delayed or lost mailings. In one whimsical operation, FBI agents tried to sow dissension between the Socialist Workers Party and the Communist Party by composing an anonymous poem that they hoped would be attributed to an SWP member known for his versifying. The poem mocked an official of the Communist Party: "There was an old radical (name deleted)/ Who swapped his soapbox for a bed./ He lives in the past/ Drinks beer to the last/ And from militant action has fled."

The Bureau's efforts to cripple the Left, however, have not usually been so lighthearted—or so easily dismissed. One of its more sinister operations, in San Diego, California, was a domestic experiment in using the same sort of organized right-wing "death squads" responsible for the assassinations of leftists in Third World countries. Last June, Los Angeles attorney H. Peter Young filed a report with Frank Church's Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, charging that "for at least the past four years, the FBI has directed and funded a campaign of violence, terrorism and harassment" against San Diego militants. Like the freewheeling squads that flourish abroad, mostly drawn from the ranks of off-duty U.S.-trained police personnel, the San Diego campaign was conducted by a right-wing paramilitary group known as the Secret Army Organization (SAO). The SAO, in turn, was controlled by the FBI through a highly placed informer/provocateur named Howard Berry Godfrey.

Early last year, Young, along with Mark Rosenbaum of the ACLU of Southern California and three San Diego lawyers, filed a $10.6 million suit on

INVESTIGATOR
FBI

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Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

But arguing whether people should or shouldn't smoke isn't going to change anything. The reality is that people do smoke. And they will continue to smoke. No matter what anyone says.

So perhaps a more realistic question would be: what should a smoker smoke?

If some smokers don't want to give up smoking yet find themselves concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, then the critics could well recommend that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. Like Vantage.

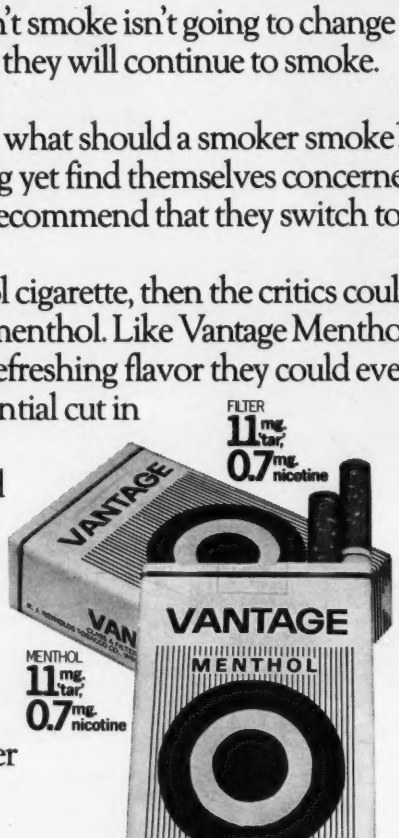
And if some of these smokers prefer a menthol cigarette, then the critics could suggest that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine menthol. Like Vantage Menthol.

Vantage Menthol offers smokers all the cool, refreshing flavor they could ever ask for. And at the same time gives them the substantial cut in 'tar' and nicotine they may be looking for.

Now Vantage Menthol isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around. But anything lower probably compromises the flavor.

So if you smoke a menthol cigarette, we're not going to argue whether you should or you shouldn't. The fact is you do.

And if you want to do something about 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage Menthol could be one answer for you to consider.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

behalf of four San Diego activists: Peter Bohmer, a former professor of economics at San Diego State University; Paula Tharp, who was shot in January 1972 by SAO terrorists in an armed attack on Bohmer's house; and George Katsiaficas and Shari Whitehead, who were both active in the antiwar movement. The suit names no less than 58 defendants, starting with Richard Nixon at the top and descending through the ranks of such familiar Watergate names as Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Colson, Hunt, Mardian, Segretti—ending with an assortment of FBI agents, informers, provocateurs and homegrown right-wing terrorists.

From the FBI's point of view, San Diego must have been an ideal place to rehearse its new scenario. A conservative city even by the stringent standards of Southern California, San Diego is ringed by military bases and boasts of a population dense with active and retired military personnel. Its economy is dominated by aerospace and electronics firms, such as General Dynamics Corporation, which cling to the military installations like flies. Despite a high unemployment rate, San Diego manages to seem fat and prosperous, untouched by the economic crisis. Much of San Diego's economy is given over to servicing GIs with topless bars, massage parlors and porno theaters located in a sleazy downtown district that is incongruous amid the sun-drenched succulents, palm trees and sparkling blue skies. Each year thousands of tourists flock to the elaborate San Diego Zoo to peer at slumbering animals and drably colored birds. Having paid their respects, the visitors then head south to Tijuana, drawn by the promise of more exotic delights.

Nixon considered San Diego his lucky city, the place where he and Agnew kicked off their 1968 campaign in a ten-day love fest with amorous local politicos. For any Republican, San Diego is the key to the state. A large conservative vote there can more than offset the loss of San Francisco and parts of L.A. Even without the blandishments of ITT, it would have been the natural choice for the Republican convention in 1972, and local officials were jubilant when the GOP announced in the summer of 1971 that, indeed, San Diego was the one.

During these same Nixon years, small chinks began to appear in San Diego's conservative armor. The rapid growth of local colleges and universities in the late Sixties provided a soil receptive to the seeds of discontent carried southward on the turbulent winds that were sweeping the rest of the country. By 1969, the city hosted a growing community of antiwar activists, abetted by a small band of radical faculty such as Bohmer and Herbert Marcuse at the La Jolla campus of the University of California. A logical target for organizers were the 200,000 active-duty GIs stationed at nearby bases such as Camp Pendleton. Projects like the Movement for a Democratic Military (MDM) had marked success in eroding the alloy of patriotism and anti-communism that bound GIs to the war effort.

On May 4, 1971, a muffled voice warned Bohmer over the phone: "The cross hairs are on you. We're going to kill you with a bullet in the back of your head"

San Diego's strategic importance as a jumping-off point for Vietnam forced city officials, university administrators and do-it-yourself vigilantes to regard campus activism, Chicano militancy and projects like MDM as serious threats to the prosecution of the war. The last straw for local conservatives, apparently, was an investigation into the financial empire of Republican fund-raiser and Nixon crony C. Arnholt Smith, initiated in 1969 by the *San Diego Street Journal*, an underground newspaper.

The response from the Right was swift. In the course of a three-month period, from November 1969 through January 1970, a paramilitary group called the Minutemen executed a series of terrorist acts against the paper, its staff and its distributors. Bullets were fired into the office, paint splashed over furniture, equipment smashed, records and subscription lists stolen, staff cars firebombed, tires slashed, lug nuts launched with slingshots fired through the windows of distributors, vending machines vandalized. On one occasion, 2,500 copies of the *Street Journal* were stolen from the office and dumped into San Diego Bay. Paula Tharp, who was working for the *Street Journal* at the time, recalled the siege mentality created by these attacks: "We were really uptight and tense after we had a car firebombed, after all the threatening phone calls and the machinery was destroyed. We organized guard duty, three shifts of seven or eight hours each. We had huge spotlights fixed on the building and a loudspeaker set up so that we could scare off intruders."

Not only were San Diego police of little help in stopping the attacks, they even participated when they could. Officers appeared in the guise of building inspectors citing the *Street Journal* for building code violations. When the *Journal* found new offices (the staff had been evicted from the old ones after the *Journal*'s landlord had received death threats), police sergeant Jack Pearson visited the manager of the new premises, Billy Joe Reeves, and asked him not to rent to the *Journal*. When Reeves refused, he was arrested for murder, held for one hour, then released. Subsequently, the *Journal* was told it would have to look elsewhere for office space.

According to Tharp, there was no question that the FBI knew what was going on. "When our car was firebombed," she recalled, "the first thing we saw when we ran outside was an FBI agent we knew sitting across the street in his car. He'd been sitting there the whole time. I mean, he was there before and he was there after—I assume he was there during. So later, when the FBI ties to the Minutemen and the SAO were revealed, it didn't surprise me."

However much the San Diego chapter of the Minutemen was flexing muscles, all was not well with the national organization. In the late Sixties, under a determined attack from Ramsey Clark's Justice Department, it had begun to disintegrate. Robert De Pugh, the national coordinator, had been jailed for bank robbery. Troy Houghton, California state leader, had disappeared under mysterious circumstances and is now presumed dead. In February 1970, six Minutemen from four states met secretly in northern Arizona to survey the ruins of their empire. Their verdict: "The Minutemen as a national coordination organization of militant right-wing groups has been effectively destroyed by pro-communist forces inside the Justice Department."

Out of the ashes of the Minutemen arose the Secret Army Organization (SAO). The new group emphasized decentralization and regional autonomy as protection from the kind of mass arrests

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Peter Biskind is working on a film about the Korean War. Research material for this article was provided by Doug Porter, Larry Remer and Bill Ritter.

that had decimated the Minutemen leadership. According to recently released FBI files on the SAO, there were chapters in San Diego, Las Vegas, Phoenix and Seattle, in addition to contacts in Portland, El Paso, Los Angeles, Kansas and Oklahoma.

Despite the new name, streamlined structure and aggressive stance, the SAO was still tormented by the nightmare of a communist takeover. "It is possible," warned one of its fact sheets, "that within a very few years, perhaps even within a few months, our nation could be conquered and enslaved by the communists." It called for the creation of an underground resistance movement to prepare for guerrilla war.

The California chapter was entrusted to Jerry Lynn Davis, an unemployed contractor and Minutemen stalwart. His second in command was not as fortunate a choice. It was Howard Berry Godfrey, a San Diego fireman and FBI informer. Like others before him, Godfrey had agreed to work for the Bureau in exchange for favors rendered. He had been arrested by local police in 1967 for threatening a motorist with a gun he kept in a holster strapped to his leg. When his home was searched by the arresting officers, he was charged with criminal explosive violations and brought up before U.S. District Judge S. Clifford Wallace, a Mormon like Godfrey himself. (Wallace later became a Nixon appointee to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the 9th Circuit.) Wallace suggested Godfrey work for the FBI instead of going to jail. Godfrey readily agreed, and the charges against him were dropped.

Godfrey reported "almost daily" to the FBI by phone for five years and was "run" at different times by at least seven agents

Jerry Davis recalled first running into Godfrey in 1967 while Davis was conducting "surveillance" of a love-in. Godfrey hung around San Diego's gun shops, shooting ranges and gun shows where right-wingers exchanged gun lore and expressed alarm at the rapid gains of the International Communist Conspiracy. He joined the Minutemen in 1967 and quickly rose to the top. Former Minuteman Jerry Lee Busch, who never liked Godfrey, remembered going on a "soft penetration" with Godfrey for "intelligence gathering purposes" in November 1969. He struck Busch as "ill-fitted" for the role of an intelligence agent, because he always looked "sly or sneaky." Despite this unflattering picture, Godfrey made a lot of friends by his willingness to work and his merry persecution of local longhairs. Godfrey recalls sprinkling several pounds of carpet tacks around Balboa Park with a friend. "Large numbers of hippies were barefoot, so we strolled around over this entire area scattering carpet tacks. It was really pretty funny."

The San Diego SAO issued a flurry of monthly bulletins to a circulation list of about 250 sympathizers, including Birchers ("the eat, meet and retreat bunch," according to Davis), military personnel, members of the Mormon Church and ex-Minutemen. These bulletins were supplemented by instructional material on the formation of combat teams, forced entry into buildings, the manufacture of booby traps and bombs and the use of dead drops for mail. (This last sheet warns against using hollow trees for passing messages, since squirrels are prone to carry off the letters.)

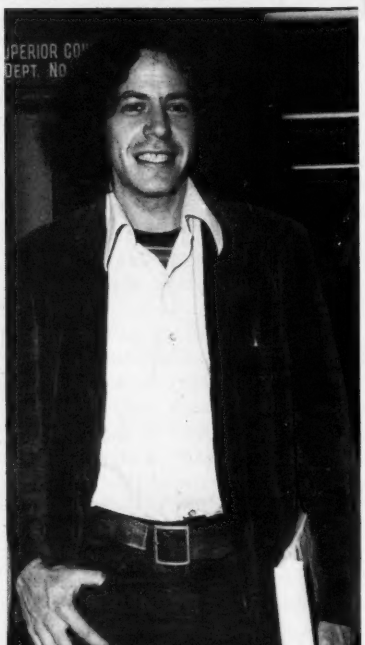
There were four SAO cells in San Diego, all organized in September 1971, each numbering about eight members. Godfrey's unit devoted itself to gathering intelligence on known or suspected militants (name, address, make of car and license plate number on 3 × 5 index cards), photographing demonstrations and faithfully carrying on the terrorist traditions of the Minutemen. Increasingly, the target was Peter Bohmer.

Bohmer was the incarnation of the SAO's fantasy of the communist devil. Although he had come to San Diego State from MIT in August 1970 to teach economics, he preferred the company of students to faculty, adopted the laid-back, longhair lifestyle of San Diego's Ocean Beach community and dedicated himself to working against the war. Bohmer was dangerous because he believed in action as well as words: "People are only impressed with practice, with the willingness to take risks and make personal sacrifices, to be what you believe." The SAO referred to Bohmer as an "underworld subculture leader" or, more simply, as "Red scum." Bohmer's sympathies quickly attracted the attention of conservative university officials. They ran him through three sets of disciplinary hearings (he was cleared in all) before Glenn Dumke, chancellor of the California state university and colleges system, tired of the procedural charade and fired him outright. On the day he was dismissed, he was chosen by the students as the best teacher at the university.

Bohmer's difficulties with his employers were widely publicized, and, as a result, the SAO mounted a campaign to harass him. In April 1971, the SAO sprinkled tear gas crystals inside a car parked in front of Bohmer's house. On May 4, a muffled voice warned him over the phone that "the cross hairs are on you. If anything happens at the Bank of America [where a demonstration was scheduled that day], we're going to kill you with a bullet in the back of your head." After months of threats, Bohmer applied to the police for a permit to carry a concealed weapon. The police merely laughed and told him not to bother. It took six months to get a permit, and if somebody wanted to kill him, he'd be dead by that time anyway.

In the summer of 1971, San Diego learned it would play host to the 1972 GOP convention in August of the following year. Antiwar activists responded by organizing the San Diego Convention Coalition to mobilize opposition to Nixon. Bohmer was one of the leaders.

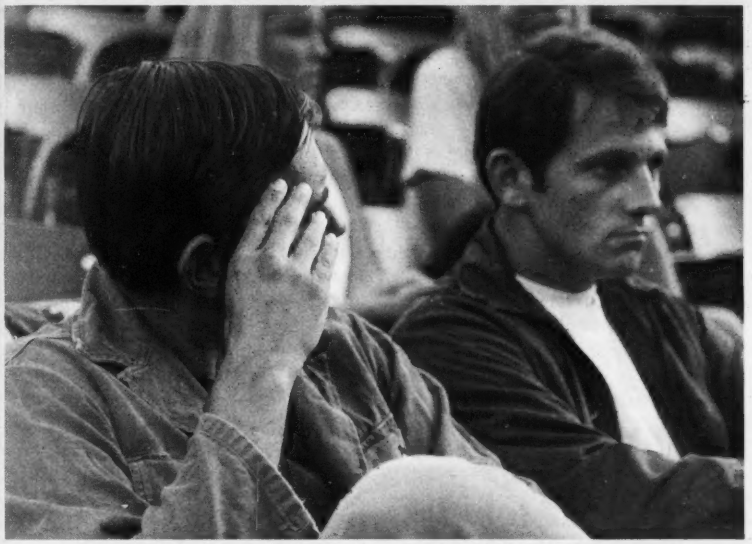
Throughout the fall of 1971, the harassment of Bohmer escalated in intensity. The threatening phone calls con-



Activist Peter Bohmer, repeatedly threatened by the SAO "death squad."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCE COMPAGNONE

tinued, punctuated by an occasional firebombing. On Christmas Day, Bohmer was sent a greeting by the SAO: "Merry Christmas. It will be your last. We know you are there alone. This is the Minutemen." But the edge was off. Paula Tharp recalled: "I was getting used to this kind of stuff. I never took any of the phone calls seriously. And I never got any of the calls where they talked. I always got the heavy breathing calls. You'd hang up and pick it up again and they'd still be there—breathing. It was kind of a joke. We were convinced that, sure, they would destroy property, they would firebomb a car, but we were getting to the point where we felt they wouldn't actually hurt anybody."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VINCE COMPAGNONE

At a 1970 San Diego State rally featuring Angela Davis, a newsman snapped this photo of two SAO members: the group's leader Howard Godfrey (hiding his face), and William Yakopec, who later bombed a local porno theater.

Then, on January 6, 1972, the ante was suddenly upped dramatically. The SAO called the home of Bohmer's neighbors saying: "Say goodbye to your friends down the street." That night, at about 8:30, two shots were fired from a slow-moving car at shadows dimly visible through the curtained front window of Bohmer's house. The first shot hit Paula Tharp, shattering her elbow. The second lodged in the window frame, a few inches from Shari Whitehead's head. Tharp remembers: "I was standing right in front of the window, getting ready to go to the store to get some cigarettes. I remember hearing the glass break. And my arm got hit by something, but I didn't know what it was. I thought someone had thrown a rock through the window and it had hit my arm. I was dragged to the floor. Somebody turned off the lights and ran outside. He saw a car leaving and found two shell casings on the street."

Although the shooting generated a good deal of publicity, and even some pressure on the police to make arrests, the San Diego cops merely rounded up the usual suspects and let them go. They even appeared to entertain the notion that Bohmer had fired the shots himself in order to attract sympathy for his cause, despite the fact that he was attending a basketball game at the time of the shooting. By this time, the police knew there was an FBI informer in the SAO, but the Bureau was reluctant to surface him for so minor an event as apprehending a would-be assassin. The desultory investigation soon petered out, and SAO harassment continued unabated through the spring of '72. More firebombings, more cross hair stickers (the SAO logo), more phone threats.

Finally, on the night of June 19, SAO member William Francis Yakopec sidled down an alley next to a local porno house, the Guild Theater. Over his shoulder he had casually slung a Pendleton wool jacket. Concealed in the jacket was a bomb. Yakopec pried loose a vent at the rear of the building, positioned the bomb, replaced the vent and left. A few minutes later, the bomb exploded, destroying the screen, blowing debris 60 feet in the air and showering the audience with two-by-fours as people scrambled for the exits. Unhappily for Yakopec, among the audience were a deputy city attorney and a San Diego police officer named Rubien D. Brandon.

Brandon, connecting the bombing with the SAO, angrily called the FBI and demanded to know the name of their informer. A week later, seven members of the SAO were in jail. Yakopec was charged with the Guild Theater bombing, George Mitchell Hoover with the Tharp shooting and SAO leader Jerry Lynn Davis with receiving stolen goods and possession of illegal explosives. For five years the Right had terrorized the Left in San Diego with impunity. Then, in a matter of hours, after the lives of two city officials had been inadvertently endangered, the roof fell in on the Secret Army Organization. They had gone too far. Under pressure from the police, the FBI cut them loose.

The FBI's file on the SAO reveals another reason why the SAO had become a liability. After the Guild Theater investigation began, angry SAO members planned to assassinate Chief of Police Ray Hoobler, Inspector William Gore, Detective Rubien Brandon, Steve Fagan of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the head of the Internal Revenue Service in San Diego. This must have been altogether too much, even for the FBI. Still, the Bureau did its best to frustrate the subsequent inquiry. It limited San Diego Police Department access to FBI files, refused to allow its agents to testify and declined to open an investigation of its own.

After arresting Yakopec, the police, armed with search warrants, combed his house and grounds. In a nearby woodpile, they found a cache of explosives. Further raids on SAO stockpiles netted an assortment of rifles, handguns and shotguns, 7,000 rounds of military ammunition, tracer ammunition, 50 pounds of gunpowder, a quantity of tear gas, tear gas guns, deactivated land mines, a number of mortar rounds, a flame thrower and an unpacked case of M-16 rifles with a market value of $60,000.

A few days later, Yakopec's wife, Deborah, was watching television with Howard Berry Godfrey at Godfrey's house, which was next-door to her own. Godfrey had been her husband's best friend, had recruited Yakopec into the SAO and had even persuaded him to join the Mormon Church, where they were both members of the same Elders Quorum. As Deborah Yakopec and Godfrey watched the news together, the newscaster revealed the name of the FBI informer in the SAO. Deborah Yakopec turned in amazement to look at the man seated next to her who had turned in her husband and was even then still gathering information to be used against him.

According to witnesses at the trial, Yakopec entertained an obsessive hatred of pornography, which apparently moti-

vated his attack on the Guild Theater. He believed pornography was part of the communist conspiracy to undermine American moral fiber. FBI files simply refer to Yakopec as a "psychopath."

Godfrey testified not only against Yakopec but against other members of the SAO. He fingered George Mitchell Hoover as the gunman in the Tharp shooting and, in the process, told a rather bizarre story. The two of them, Hoover and Godfrey, were seated in Godfrey's car running their customary surveillance on the Bohmer house, recording license plate numbers of parked cars and noting down who went in and out. Hoover began fiddling with a 9mm Polish Radom pistol that Godfrey had stolen from the home of Bohmer's neighbors on an earlier occasion. Without warning, Hoover fired two shots into Bohmer's house. He was about to fire a third when the gun jammed. Godfrey testified that he ordered Hoover to stop shooting and immediately drove away from the house. The next day, Godfrey gave the pistol to his FBI control, Steve Christiansen, who concealed the weapon under his couch for six months while the police were looking for it. Christiansen insists that his FBI superiors were aware that he was hiding the gun and fully approved.

Both Yakopec and Hoover were convicted on Godfrey's testimony. Fall guy Yakopec must have been convinced that his worst paranoid fears had come true when he learned on the day he came up for sentencing that his ACLU attorney, Fred Hetter, would not be present. Hetter was attending a conference in the Soviet Union.

After Godfrey surfaced, Davis, Yakopec and other members of the SAO became convinced that they had been set up by the FBI. Suddenly, they all started talking and, in the process, began shedding light on Godfrey's activities. It seems Godfrey had played a considerably more active part in the SAO than his role of informer required.

When the Minutemen began to crumble, Davis said, Godfrey "bird-dogged" him into organizing the SAO and even selected the name. Godfrey defrayed the start-up costs of the organization out of his own pocket, footing the printing and mailing bills for the first spate of SAO literature in 1971. He financed the printing of the SAO's Nixon-Wanted-for-Treason posters, which went up on power poles around San Diego after Nixon's trip to China. Davis claims that Godfrey paid for more than half the office rent of the SAO general headquarters from October 1971 to June 1972, which amounted to about $1,500. Godfrey's testimony before the Yakopec grand jury revealed that he had sold to the FBI stolen weapons, TNT, two rifle grenades and white phosphorus and blasting caps supplied by Davis, and had returned funds received to SAO coffers. Godfrey himself estimated that the FBI had furnished or paid for $10,000 to $20,000 worth of weapons and explosives over a five-year period. Davis figured that Godfrey had supplied, in total, about 75 percent of the SAO's operating expenses. Since Godfrey was merely a funnel for FBI money, Davis wryly remarked, "You might say then that the SAO was a federally funded poverty program of the Right."

Many of the SAO's more imaginative schemes were focused on the upcoming GOP convention. They planned to abduct radical leaders such as Bohmer, Tom Hayden and Jerry Rubin. In the spring of 1972, the SAO rented garages throughout the San Diego area in which they stockpiled weapons and food. At the time the convention was moved to Miami in May 1972, SAO leaders were negotiating the purchase of two 81mm mortars, a smaller mortar, two cases of mortar shells and a case of hand grenades. They planned to bombard Fiesta Island, where the demonstrators were to camp, from nearby rooftops. They also toyed with the idea of blowing up the bridges connecting Fiesta Island with the mainland, dropping white phosphorus from an airplane on trapped demonstrators. According to SAO informants, most of these ideas were Godfrey's, who ex-Minuteman Busch referred to as a "fucking nut."

Davis accused Godfrey of abandoning the original conception of the SAO in his haste to tailor it to the purposes of the FBI. Initially, at any rate, Davis wanted to maintain a low profile, in the hope of avoiding the kind of federal attention that had decimated the Minutemen. And indeed, as expressed in its March 1972 bulletin, the intentions of the SAO were rather modest: to prepare against a future communist takeover, rather than to engage in immediate terrorist activity. The underground group, the bulletin explained mildly, "is like life insurance purchased in the hopes that you will never collect. If the need for active combat never comes, this will not be time wasted. You will surely gain true friends."

Godfrey changed all that. Operating with his own unit, largely recruited by himself, he initiated a single-handed reign of terror. Operating within a charmed circle of FBI protection, he committed an alarming number of criminal acts for which he has never been prosecuted. From his own admissions in open court and the testimony of his former friends in the SAO, it has been possible to piece together at least a partial profile of his activities. They ranged from petty harassment, such as obscene phone calls (some to a local feminist whom Godfrey allegedly referred to as a "commie bitch"); firebombing cars (usually he soaked the upholstery with gasoline and tossed in a flare); malicious destruction of property (Godfrey directed most of the vandalism against the *Street Journal* and poured hydrochloric acid in the gas tanks of two members of the Student Mobilization Committee); and more. Also by his own admission, he supplied the gun used in the Tharp shooting and drove the getaway car, which, under California law, makes him equally liable to a charge of attempted murder. Godfrey suppressed evidence of the crime by giving Hoover's gun to Special Agent Christiansen, who then hid it. At various times Godfrey possessed and sold illegal explosives, supplying Yakopec with the incendiary materials to blow up the Guild Theater. As Yakopec's attorney, Fred Hetter, pointed out in an irate letter to then-Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, "Had not Godfrey handed explosives to Yakopec, there would have been no explosion anywhere in the county. Had not Godfrey handed the pistol to Hoover, Hoover would not have shot anyone."

Despite the staggering number of crimes Godfrey committed, the FBI prevented the San Diego D.A.'s office from prosecuting him. According to Logan McKechnie of the D.A.'s office, "The FBI drew up a wall of protection" around Godfrey. Chief Deputy D.A. Richard Huffman explained that Godfrey was never prosecuted because "it appeared that he was acting under the advisement or with the consent of the FBI. Local law enforcement is pretty powerless in dealing with the FBI."

Huffman went on to criticize the FBI's handling of Godfrey: "It's obvious that Godfrey lacked the supervision he should have been given as an informer. . . . I don't believe law enforcement can permit, knowingly, an informant to engage in criminal conduct, and I don't believe you can countenance violent activity if you have the power to stop it."

Was the criminal leeway allowed Godfrey the result of poor supervision by one or two lax and permissive lower-level agents? Godfrey says he reported "almost daily" to the FBI by telephone for five years and that he was "run," at one time

or another, by at least seven different agents. Given the bureaucratic thoroughness of the FBI, it stretches credibility to imagine that accounts of Godfrey's pranks were not read by the special agent in charge of the San Diego office and relayed to Washington on a regular basis. Incomplete FBI files on the SAO reveal that Washington was very interested in the SAO. It monitored the trials closely, receiving daily reports by teletype. According to ACLU attorney Mark Rosenbaum, "The SAO operation was not some pet project of Christiansen and Godfrey's, but went all the way to the top. The top people knew what was going on. They were setting the pace."

The facts of the SAO case point inescapably to the conclusion that Howard Berry Godfrey was much more than an informer, much more, even, than a provocateur. As Jerry Lynn Davis put it, "Without Berry, there never would have been any SAO. He was the man to see to get explosives, illegal arms. The FBI used us to do things they couldn't do." Dave Stutz, a special agent with the Intelligence Division of the Internal Revenue Service for eight years and a confidential assistant to the San Diego D.A. for three years, agreed: "I've been a federal agent long enough to know that it is a common tactic to infiltrate an organization and use it to carry out whatever goals the particular agent had." Stutz believes that the FBI has probably carried out similar operations in other cities besides San Diego, only "they haven't gotten caught at it."

What were the goals of the agents who ran Godfrey? The fact that the Bureau went to such lengths to protect Godfrey suggests that more may have been at stake than a few playful firebombings or some potshots at local militants. One theory is that the SAO was intended to play an important role in a carefully orchestrated plot to swing the election to Nixon or, if you're given to apocalyptic speculations, cancel the elections altogether. Louis Tackwood, a former undercover agent for the Los Angeles Police Department Red Squad, told in a book called *The Glass House Tapes* a lurid tale of plans to provoke a small-scale war at the convention. FBI provocateurs who had infiltrated both the militant Right and the militant Left were to provoke pitched street battles between them. The scenario included an attack by several hundred uniformed members of Gerald Smith's Nazi Party, bombs smuggled into the Convention Center in hollowed-out furniture and the death of several high-ranking Republicans. The Democrats would be tied to the left-wing participants in the melee, possibly by documents planted during the Watergate break-in. Nixon, at the very least, would have won by a landslide. At worst, he would have declared a state of emergency and instituted martial law.

Since the convention was moved to Miami, we may never know if this scenario is fact or fancy. We *do* know that Donald Segretti, using the name Don Simms, payed a number of visits to San Diego. Former Minuteman Jerry Lee Busch has stated that on at least two occasions in the summer of 1971, Segretti conferred with Godfrey in Busch's presence at the Gunsmoke Ranch, where SAO members retired for weekend target practice. Busch claims that after these meetings with Segretti, Godfrey came up with his "bizarre ideas to 'take care of those Red punks' if the convention were held in San Diego."

"I've been a federal agent long enough to know that it is a common tactic to infiltrate an organization and use it to carry out whatever goals the particular agent had"

Segretti was busy elsewhere in San Diego as well. He tried to recruit Bill Hitchcock, an employee of the United California Bank, to gather intelligence on activists. Ron Johnson, a student at San Diego State, has asserted that Segretti, using the name Don Simmons, tried to persuade him to infiltrate the Convention Coalition. Pointedly singling out Bohmer and Tharp, Segretti said that troublemakers could be "gotten rid of." When Johnson asked what that meant, Segretti replied, "They could be sent out of town for a limited time."

Segretti's response sounds suspiciously like a reference to the Liddy Plan, mentioned by CREEP deputy director Jeb Magruder in his testimony before the Ervin committee. Liddy had recommended kidnapping militants to Mexico. In April 1974, FBI informer Gil Romero, who did in fact infiltrate the Convention Coalition, told of another plot to lure Bohmer and Rico Bueno, a leader of the militant Brown Berets, to a secluded house on the outskirts of Tijuana. The house was to be planted with illegal explosives. When the Federales arrived, tipped off about the arms cache, Bohmer and Bueno were to be shot if they resisted, arrested and detained if they did not.

What is most remarkable is that the FBI, undaunted by the SAO fiasco and the embarrassing disclosures of its sometime informers, has persisted in its campaign against Peter Bohmer. Informer John Rasperry told KGTV, an NBC affiliate in San Diego, that in 1974 FBI agents directed him to "get rid" of Bohmer because he was a threat to national security. Although Rasperry discussed ways and means to assassinate Bohmer on several occasions with FBI agents, he was never given the final go-ahead.

In the spring of 1974, FBI agents promised informer Gil Romero $4,000 to implicate Bohmer in the shooting of two police officers by Pete Mahone, Bohmer's friend. Since the Mahone shooting was not a federal crime, and thus fell outside the Bureau's jurisdiction, the FBI, according to an informant, recently took the unusual step of contracting out its investigation to a local San Diego detective agency.

Moreover, the Justice Department has not lifted a finger to investigate the FBI's involvement with the SAO. According to attorney Peter Young, "They are still continuing to cover up whatever really happened down there." Steve Christiansen has left the Bureau and now lives with his family in Kanosh, Utah. "The FBI," he says, "is taking good care of us." Godfrey is employed in the fire marshal's office in Sacramento. He has reportedly been instructed by the Bureau not to cooperate with the ACLU, in exchange for assurances of continued FBI protection. Jerry Lynn Davis was paroled after a short spell in jail; Hoover has just been released after two years in Soledad; only Yakopec remains in Vacaville Correctional Facility.

The SAO is a Pandora's box that the Church committee seems reluctant to disturb. Although an investigator was dispatched to San Diego last summer, the committee refused to hold hearings, despite evidence which suggests that the local police, the FBI and at least one member of Nixon's staff were involved in something far more malignant than merely harassing local radicals. And if it is true, as San Diego militants charge, that the FBI's dalliance with right-wing terrorists was merely a prelude of things to come, the SAO story may well be one of the most important revelations to come in the wake of Watergate. ●

On the job training

By Gerry Nadel

Maybe if those other governors hadn't been in the room James Longley wouldn't have looked so out of place. So *different.* Here they all were, gathered at the Colonnades Hotel in Boston for the meeting of the New England Regional Commission, gathered as *equals*—but somehow, next to the others, James Longley didn't look like a governor at all.

Rhode Island's Philip Noel sat at one end of the table. Aides would rush up to him and whisper urgent messages. He would nod and look very serious. Next to him sat Michael Dukakis, one of a new breed, they say—he even rides the trolley car to the statehouse every morning to show what a regular fellow he is—but still unmistakably identifiable as the governor of Massachusetts: poised, alert, TV-star bright. Thomas Salmon of Vermont sat in the middle, tousle-haired and studiously casual, the very image of a country-boy Kennedy. Even Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire, ramrod straight with an American flag pin in his lapel, seemed to have the role down pat now: He had come out of nowhere to become a governor, but he was a quick study. Lately, he had taken to suggesting that the National Guard troops at his command be equipped with nuclear weapons.

Then there was James Longley, representing Maine, and he didn't look like a governor at all. For one thing, he looked like he was actually listening to the speeches. He was even taking notes. When he heard something he liked, he would smile, and when he heard something he didn't like, he would frown. The others didn't do that. They all knew how to fix a neutral expression on their faces so there was no glint of what they really were thinking . But Longley didn't seem to hide anything. It all showed in his ice-blue eyes.

In January 1975, James Longley went to Augusta the way Mr. Smith went to Washington—as an innocent in a world of political professionals. After months of tumult and shouting, Gov. Longley has all but paralyzed the business of the state

He was out of uniform. All the other governors were wearing jackets. Longley's was draped across the back of his chair—it was hot in the room, so he had taken it off. He sat in his shirt sleeves, his tie, with its pattern of little, red Maine lobsters rampant on a field of blue, hanging loose.

The other governors kept sneaking jealous looks at him. Salmon especially—he was sweltering. You could almost see the debate going on in his head: Should he take his jacket off too?(He'd look at Longley.)? No, he shouldn't. (And he'd look away.) But. . . .

Finally, Salmon made up his mind. He started to take off his jacket, but halfway through shedding it, he suddenly stopped and shrugged it back onto his shoulders—he wasn't getting out in front on this jacket issue all by himself: "I move that all the gentlemen take off their coats"—he nodded toward the far end of the table—"a la Governor Longley." He was smiling, but he waited for a show of hands before he actually took off his coat.

Then the speeches started again. The talk went on and on. Longley looked at his watch. He would have to leave soon. His secretary's mother had died and he didn't want to miss the funeral.

In a little while, there was a break in the meeting. Longley pulled the knot tight in his tie, put on his coat and got up. He said a few quick goodbyes and hurried out of the conference room with his son, James Jr.

They walked down the hotel corridor, their steps soft on the deep-pile carpet. Longley pressed the button for an elevator, which took a long time coming.

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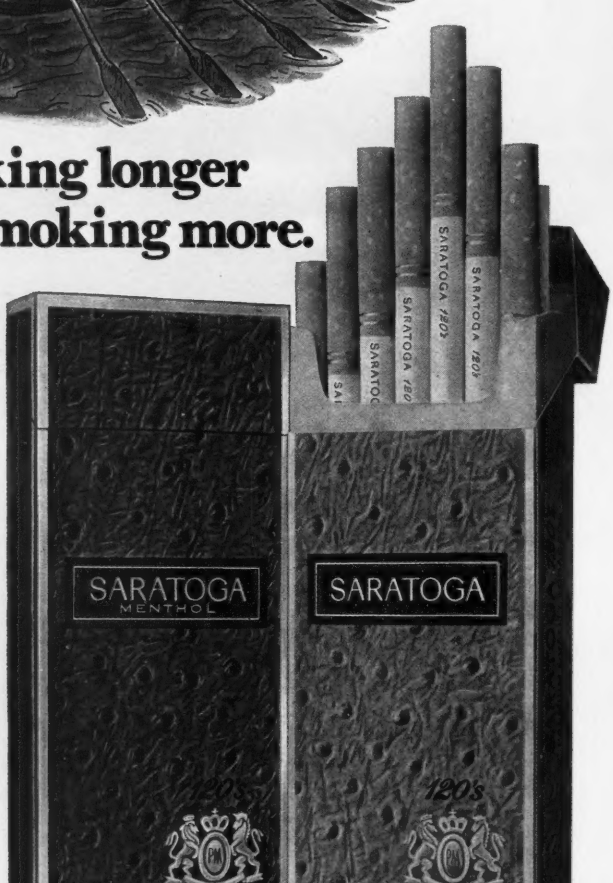

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It was filled with tourists. None of them recognized the governor of Maine.

There was a 1972 Plymouth Satellite parked in front of the hotel—Longley's official state car. Jim Jr. slipped behind the wheel while the governor hiked around to the passenger side. It would be a three-hour drive back to Augusta.

In January 1975, James Longley went to Augusta the way Mr. Smith went to Washington. He was an amateur in a world of political professionals. He had never been elected to anything before. He wasn't even a Republican or a Democrat. He called himself an Independent.

His only previous public office had been as the volunteer chairman of the Maine Cost and Management Survey Commission. It wasn't political pull that got him that job, it was his reputation as a businessman, as an efficiency expert, as someone who had started with nothing and built a small fortune as an insurance man.

Longley's survey had uncovered what he said was $30 million in state waste and inefficiency. And when no one seemed willing to act on the recommendations, Longley decided to run for governor himself.

Of course, nobody thought he had a chance. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats would back him—he was an outsider, he hadn't come up through The System—and everyone *knew* he had no chance as an Independent: Independent candidates generally count themselves lucky if they get a few lines at the bottom of the vote roundup stories the morning after election day. But things were different this time.

Election day, the first Tuesday in November 1974, was just 90 days after an American president had been forced to resign. The people were in a funny mood, and in Maine they were ready for a candidate who was attacking not just rival politicians but politics itself. Run the state like a business, Longley was saying. Take the politics out of government.

Longley was elected with 40 percent of the vote. He became the first man without a party to hold a statehouse in America. The Watergate fever had produced a strange new syndrome in Maine—the *anti*politician in office—and professionals elsewhere were watching Augusta and wondering nervously whether the syndrome might be catching.

Gerry Nadel, Boston bureau chief of Women's Wear Daily, *last reported for* NEW TIMES *on the Doris Kearns/ Richard Goodwin publishing fracas.*

1975

Nobody complains about noise from the tiny, one-gate airport in Augusta. Its nearest neighbors reside in the cemetery on the hill along the road to town.

Trees arch over the blacktop road like a long, green tunnel. Their leaves cast quick shadows as the airport taxi rolled through. There are vaulted arcs of trees like that on all the streets of Augusta, and, in their shade, the homes of the capital's 30,000 citizens—gingerbread Victorian houses, most of them, and almost all of them fresh-painted.

"Folks he-ah paint 'most every ye-ah," the driver was saying. "Got to. Winters we have, you don't keep up, pretty soon you've got nothing." The cab was rolling up the long drive across the statehouse grounds. The capitol building sat amid green lawns on a small rise, sunlight glinting off its strangely attenuated golden dome.

Longley is a former insurance man who knows how to ignore the fine print and work on the client's emotions instead: fear, guilt, the need for security

Eight columns divide the rotunda inside, and along the walls are glass-fronted cases filled with flags carried into battle by Maine farmboys, fishermen and millhands in three wars. There's a plaque with a poem, "Maine Battle Flags": ". . .They are sacred and pure and we see no stain/ In those dear loved flags at home again;/ Baptized in blood, our purest, best,/ Tattered and torn they're now at rest." The military memorabilia ends with World War I: The statehouse seems to have run out of display space before the world ran out of belligerence.

The corridor leading to the governor's office is lined with portraits of former Maine chief executives, men in frock coats with faces that look as if they'd been left out in a lot of hard winters. Just outside the door to the office hang three clipboards, holding the bills and resolves most recently signed by the governor. H.P. 1508—L.D. 1839 was on top of one of the stacks: "RESOLVE to reimburse Michael Forrester of Arundel for loss of livestock destroyed by dogs."

James Longley was lounging back in the tall swivel chair behind the desk he had brought to the statehouse from his insurance company headquarters. The big governor's office was filled with his mementos—the Norman Rockwell print on the oak-paneled wall, the framed words to live by, a plaque that said he was a member of the life insurance agents million-dollar round table. There was a joke sign on his desk: "I never get lost. Everyone tells me where to go." The overall style of the room was early Rotarian.

He looked very much at home. Longley had been in the office now for nearly nine months, nine hard months of constant battle with the state legislature. He had set a record for vetoes cast by a Maine governor—26 in a single session, 13 of them overridden. Legislators were walking around the capitol wearing buttons that said "V.E.T.O.=Very Easy To Override."

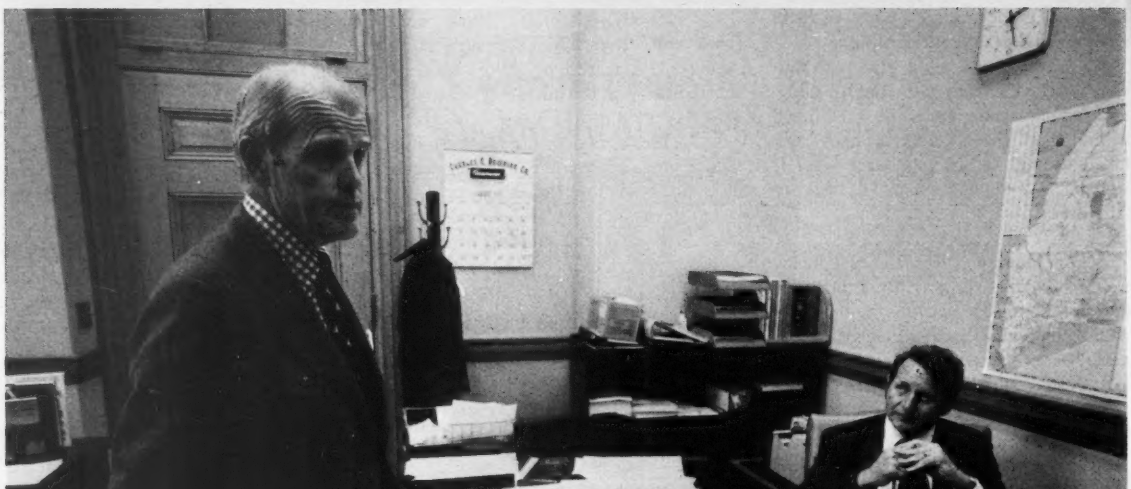
"It's a sad commentary that I've come off as controversial because I'm doing what I said I would do," Longley was saying. His voice was soft, with an accent as flat as the Maine landscape. The tone was quiet, earnest, persuasive, like an insurance man trying to clinch a deal.

"There were people who thought I said things as a candidate but I wouldn't do them." He ran a hand over thinning hair, combed flat where he has it. At age 51, some people say he looks like the former astronaut John Glenn. "I mean, what I said about the efficiency areas, the fact that I wasn't going to play any political games, no special interest was going to control me, that I was going to run government on a sound business basis."

The soft voice took on a hard edge: "If I've got to take on a special interest group to do the job, I'm not going to back away. If I see somebody exploiting people, I don't walk around them. I walk *through* them." Plain talk. Mr. Smith himself couldn't have said it better.

Plain talk. There are some people who think he carries it too far. There was the speech, for instance, that he made to a gathering of police chiefs, cautioning against abuse of power and illustrating his point by reading a passage from a novel describing a gang rape. The victim was a young woman. The rapists were policemen. The description was very graphic.

In another speech, he had warned that women's liberation was undermining the institution of motherhood. In fact, he said, it was even worse than that — feminism fostered prostitution and led to homosexuality.



Longley (standing) with Communications Director Ralph Lowe: A determined antipolitician, the governor declares: "If I see somebody exploiting people, I don't walk around them. I walk *through* them."

Then, most memorably, there was the dinner Longley hosted, early in his tenure, for the leaders of the Democratic-controlled House and the Republican-controlled Senate. It was at Blaine House, the governor's mansion built by James G. Blaine, congressman, secretary of state and in 1884 the Republican candidate for president running against Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. Longley had moved into the mansion just a few weeks before: He and his wife and their five high-school and college-aged children had moved their belongings down from their Lewiston home themselves in the family station wagon.

The night of the dinner there were 18 in all gathered in the candle-lit dining room of Blaine House. Those who were there remember it as a rather pleasant evening almost all the way through, at least until just about the very end, when the remains of dessert were being cleared away and the coffee cups had been refilled.

Longley was sipping the last of his coffee. Then he put down the cup and sat straight up. There was something he wanted to get off his chest, he announced.

Certain legislators, whom he would allow to remain nameless, were, he said, leaking certain unfavorable stories to the press. He didn't like that, he said. He didn't like people who did such things.

There was a clatter of coffee cups landing in saucers.

Neil Rolde, the House majority leader, found his voice first. "Governor, are you calling legislators pimps?!" He was half out of his seat.

"Anyone who prostitutes the legislative system I would call a pimp." The switch to subjunctive case didn't help. The party was over.

Longley, it seems, has a rather pronounced inclination toward sexual imagery in his rhetoric. Earlier, he had charged University of Maine officials with practicing academic "incest."

Now, in Augusta, legislators were wearing "P.I.M.P." buttons: "Protection of Interests of Maine People."

"It was a very strange evening," remembers Jerry Speers, the Senate majority leader, who was at the dinner. "But it shouldn't have surprised anyone. I mean, he spent his whole campaign attacking politicians. He came in with a chip on his shoulder. The very first weekend he was in office he made a statement that professional politicians don't want good people in government. It was preposterous and insulting, and the next time I saw him I told him so.

"Right away, he started trying to stroke me. He said, 'Let me say right off the bat, I don't consider *you* a professional politician.'

"Now, what was I supposed to say to that? I just told him, 'Well, *I* do!' "

Longley had plumped himself down in an easy chair by his office window. On a table next to him a small briar pipe was balanced on the edge of an ashtray. It stayed there all day, a tiny personal touch, like a prop to add a certain homey feeling.

"We're a threat to the professional politicians," Longley was saying. "We broke down the barrier that the two parties had created—the argument that an Independent can't win, so don't waste your vote. I think the Independent movement is going to be very significant in '76. I see other Independents running for legislatures, running for governor, running for senator.

"That makes us a tremendous threat to the political parties. I don't mean to be critical, but I've got to be factual: There is no way a person can move up through the party structure without playing the game. The political bosses in both parties are no different than they have always been."

His cold, blue eyes glimmered deep in their sockets. "There has been an attempt to undermine us. It has made us stronger. We're a tremendous threat to the political parties."

The door to the office opened and a head poked through. "Excuse me, Governor, but it's time for lunch." It was the state trooper who doubles as Longley's bodyguard and the watchdog for his schedule. Everyone does double duty on Longley's staff—the governor has all of 15 people working directly for him, half of them secretaries.

"Thanks." Longley got up from the couch, crossed the office and walked out the door. He was carrying a thick folder of mail. He gets 300 letters from his constituents every day. He insists on reading them all himself. He spends a lot

of his day that way, tapping his grass roots. Sometimes he's up past midnight drafting replies.

Now he was walking through a marble-floored corridor. Margaret Chase Smith was watching him. When she was forced out of the Senate a few years ago, they put her up on the statehouse wall, wearing a blue satin suit, her ever-present rose and a no-nonsense smile. It's one of those portraits with eyes that follow you everywhere.

Longley had walked through a side door and down a flight of stairs, and was making his way to the path that led across the statehouse grounds to Blaine House on the other side of the street. There was a small parking lot with slots reserved for press vehicles nestled against the capitol building. Longley saw a wire service reporter getting into his car.

"Hi, Steve!" the governor called, and beckoned him over.

The two of them chit-chatted a bit about the weather. The small talk was tailing off when the governor hesitated a beat, then pointed to me and the photographer with me.

"Uh, Steve, I've invited these two fellows to lunch. Would you care to join us?"

"Well, thanks, Governor, but. . . ." He pointed vaguely at his car. "I'm on my way to an appointment."

"Well, some other time maybe then." Longley smiled and strode off. We walked silently for a bit, and then Longley turned to me.

"I knew he couldn't come to lunch," he said quietly, "but I figured I'd better ask him anyway. Otherwise, he'd be talking about how Longley took this out-of-state newsman to lunch but he won't spend any time with local reporters."

He put on a little conspiratorial grin. Sure, the smile seemed to be saying, you know and I know that invitation was a ruse. A deception. But, see, I admitted it. I came right out, straightforward, and confessed. That takes the sting off, right? That means it isn't sneaky anymore.

Longley is a devout Catholic. Confession is good for the soul, he believes. It makes everything all right.

But it isn't all right. Statehouse reporters tick off a growing list of what some of the more diplomatic among them describe as "contradictions." There is, for instance, Longley's denial that he ever called for closing any of the University of Maine's seven regional campuses. He repeated it to me: "I never said close them. I said *reassess* them." Yet, twice, on pages 119 and 212, the Longley-authored Cost and Management Survey makes explicit recommendations to "close down the Bangor campus."

Then there is the gap between Longley's campaign pledge to provide more state aid to the elderly and his action after the legislature passed a bill to do just that: He vetoed it. He substituted a fund to be financed by private contributions and foundation grants. The fund has yet to raise a single dollar.

Longley had also pledged full disclosure of his finances. But, after his inauguration, he issued only a statement saying his assets were all in a blind trust. When reporters objected, he promised to make public his 1975 tax returns. "April came and went," one wire service reporter recalls, "and still we got nothing. Finally he issued a vague list of property—his house, his cars, one bank account, with no clue to his total worth—and said most of it was in his wife's name and that he 'could be called a millionaire.' "

Longley's modus vivendi with the press became as touchy as his relations

"It's like covering Idi Amin," says *Maine Times* editor John Cole. "You never know what to expect"

with the legislature. He came under constant editorial attack. Reporters were challenging his every statement, even his casual announcement one day that he would be the guest of honor at a National Press Club dinner in Washington. A newsman immediately called the club to check. He was told no Longley speech was scheduled. He put down the phone, turned to his colleagues and shrugged.

"What can you do?" is the way *Maine Times* editor John N. Cole puts it. "It's like trying to cover Idi Amin. You never know *what* to expect."

As it turned out, Longley was telling the truth—he'd just mixed up his clubs. His date was with the Washington Press Club, not the National Press Club. But it was too late—Longley's credibility gap was long since dug as deep as the lobster beds off the rocky Maine coast.

The end-of-summer holiday crowd tends to descend on Maine for the Labor Day weekend in numbers that make lemmings look like loners. Tens of thousands come to mob the beaches and the rivers and the lakes, to swim and fish and hike. And, every year, a few of them die. Boats capsize. Swimmers are caught by undertows and swept out to sea. And, always, there is a child or two who wanders off and is lost in the deep Maine woods.

This is what had happened to 4-year-old Kurt Newton. His parents had been camped near Chain Of Ponds, just south of the Quebec border. On the Sunday before Labor Day, they discovered that their son had disappeared. Only his tricycle was found, at the edge of a clearing.

For five days, searchers had been combing the rugged, hilly border country, searching in the forest shadows by day, inching ahead in the glow of flashlights during nights in which the temperature would fall below freezing. And still there was no sign of the boy.

For five days, James Longley kept hearing about the search—it was on the front page of all the newspapers. Finally, he decided he had to do. . . something. But what *could* he do? There was nothing more to be done officially—the State Police and National Guard were already involved in the search—and nobody expected Longley to go beating about in the undergrowth himself. But he felt he had to go.

He flew north to the scene in the state plane, landing at an airport near Chain Of Ponds and motoring to the scene. He hurried to the command post, his topcoat pulled tight around him against the morning chill. He asked a lot of questions. He talked with Guardsmen, with police officers, with volunteers.

The newspaper photographers had spotted him now. "No pictures!" he snapped with a curt wave of his hand. But the next day United Press International ran a poignant shot of the governor with the mother of the missing boy: His head is bowed in sympathy, his hand is on her shoulder; her eyes are wide and frightened.

His staff people say Longley returned to the statehouse "just walking on air." "That was one of the most impressive experiences I've ever had," they remember him saying. "All those people giving their time."

What's more, he believed he'd been able to accomplish something after all. "I think I helped keep everyone going. They were so glad to see me, see I was concerned. I think I really cheered them up. I was a symbol—not Jim Longley the man, but Jim Longley the governor—a symbol of concern."

It was the quintessential Longley style—the style of a former insurance man who knows how to ignore the fine

print, the details, the *substance* of the policy, and work on the client's emotions instead: fear, guilt, the need for security. An insurance man who is a member of the million-dollar round table, as Longley is, knows how to dramatize his pitch.

There is a lot of drama in Maine these days, with most of the scenarios issuing from the governor's office—morality plays, with Longley casting himself in the starring roles: as the Prudent Businessman against the university ivory tower eggheads, the Can-Do Man against the bureaucratic paper-shufflers, the Self-Made Man against the welfare chiselers, the Common Man against the political establishment.

There is additional drama in Longley's constant trips to Washington, his crisis meetings with cabinet members and the President himself (he went to Washington six times in his first three months in office alone). And there was the spectacle of top federal officials parading through the state at Longley's invitation—energy czar Zarb, Agriculture Secretary Butz, the Treasury's William Simon, in just one month last summer. In early September, even Jerry Ford came to Maine, on a GOP fund-raising trip, to be sure, but Longley made certain he got a seat in the presidential limousine and said he spent an hour's drive giving Ford his views on oil price controls.

Ford's position on oil price policy didn't seem to have been significantly altered, just as Longley's fight with the university seems to have produced only mass resignations, and his battle against welfare abuse has left untouched its root cause in Maine's chronic unemployment problem (upwards of 25 percent jobless in some parts of the state).

There may also be more drama than substance in Longley's most proudly trumpeted achievement: his balancing of the state budget without recourse to new taxes. At $705 milllion, in an era of double-digit inflation, it was only 10 percent higher than the last biennial budget enacted two years before. But in cutting state spending, Longley had dumped costs back on the towns and cities—some school aid and welfare matching funds, and money for snow removal and road maintenance. Even though state taxes held steady, local officials said property taxes were certain to rise.

While the balancing act continues, "the tumult and the shouting has paralyzed department heads," according to a state commissioner who insists on anonymity. "They're scared. So all we have now is a lot of memo writing to cover yourself. Longley said he was going to apply business methods to the state, and maybe business runs like this, but I wonder if the people of Maine thought this was the kind of sound management they were voting for."

Nine months into his tenure, three of Longley's 16 top cabinet posts remained unfilled. The *Lewiston Express* blamed that on the way Longley treats his top appointees: The image of state officials, the paper editorialized, "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind does not make a particularly attractive recruiting poster."

Still, the people seem to be behind Longley. The most recent polls show his popularity rating at about 40 percent, lower than the 50 percent he scored earlier in his term but still at the level that got him elected. "He plays upon people's fears and emotions," says Senate Majority Leader Jerry Speers. "But he never gets down to specifics—like his statement that professional politicians don't want good people in government. It was just a false statement, but enough people are suspicious of politicians to begin with, and when he says that, they say, 'Yes, yes, he's right!' "

Two little old ladies, as plain as Maine potatoes in their hair nets and white uniforms, were shuttling in and out of the Blaine House dining room, carrying trays of solid, down-home food. Governor Longley was smiling at them. "Great women. We couldn't run this place without them," he told his guests. He looked as if he still wasn't quite used to the idea of people waiting on him, but he obviously seemed to be enjoying it.

Sunlight filtered into the room, softened by the gauzy white curtains over the tall windows. The ranks of foliage seen through the windows seemed to blend with the Fontainebleau forest of trees and flowers on the antique wallpaper mural ringing the room. The rambling, more-than-century-old mansion that Maine gives its governors is an altogether pleasant place to live.

The eight guests around the long, rectangular table ate in silence, quiet, absorbed by the grace of the room—and absolutely at a loss for things to say to the governor of the state of Maine. The guests were *minor* state officials, mid-level bureaucrats, not the sort of people one might expect to seize the opportunity to small-talk with their chief executive. Longley had summoned them to receive awards for "special contributions and distinguished service."

Longley found himself carrying on the luncheon conversation practically as a monologue. Now he was telling everybody about his visit to Campobello and how the caretaker at Franklin Roosevelt's cottage had said that visitors were always asking about the President's personal life. "She said they constantly wanted to know what was wrong with him, not what was right with him. She said someone asked her, 'Was he always smiling, pleasant in private, the way he was in public?' and she replied, 'Are *you*?' "

Everyone laughed. Someone at the far end of the table was sufficiently encouraged to offer a thought: "All of you in public life are expected to be larger than life, aren't you?" he ventured, blithely equating Longley with FDR.

Longley just as blithely accepted the equation and expanded it: "Even John Kennedy," he said. "Instead of remembering the great things he did, everyone is trying to tear him down, trying to find scandals in his personal life." He sipped his coffee. "What ever happened to the sacredness of personal life?" he asked, a plaintive tone in his voice. Everyone clucked sympathetically.

"Someone passing through here from Washington told me last week, 'Public life destroys you and eats you up,' " said Longley. He spooned in a bite of apple brown betty.

"Is that true?" someone asked.

"I'm not sure yet," said Longley, and laughed. Then, abruptly, he turned somber. "We tend to destroy our public figures," he said. "But nobody can destroy you unless you let them." He paused a moment, and then he said it again, quietly, almost talking to himself. "Nobody can destroy you unless you let them."

There was a strange resonance to the statement, echoes of something someone else had said almost exactly one year before: "Those who hate you don't win unless you hate them, and then you destroy yourself." Richard Nixon had said that, saying farewell to the White House staff moments before leaving Washington for the last time.

For certain, James Longley didn't want himself identified with Nixon, but he had reached the same strange and lonely place in his mind. Like Nixon, he was the perpetual outsider, schooled best in the arts of attack; but now he had to govern, and instead of consensus he had achieved only isolation. All he had was the drama, the "tumult and the shouting"—and those fan letters he carried in their thick folder everywhere he went. Like Nixon, he was someone with a vision of himself as a man who stood alone.

It was another expansion of the equation—Roosevelt and Kennedy, now Nixon. Mr. Smith wasn't in it anymore at all. ●

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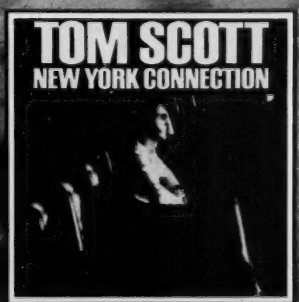

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Xerox is no longer just the name of a corporation but an American pastime. The fascination with duplication helps business, harasses politicians and encourages addiction

By Ralph Keyes

Look at it this way: Without Xerox machines Daniel Ellsberg might today be just an obscure MIT Fellow, Jack Anderson an obit writer for the *Salt Lake City Tribune*, and Richard M. Nixon president of the United States.

Besides replacing water coolers as a good place to meet people, Xerox machines have altered our social fabric in fundamental ways. They've revolutionized how politicians campaign, journalists report and bosses treat secretaries. "Xerox copy" now rivals "carbon copy" in American work and vocabulary. Xerography has all but repealed parts of our copyright law and made possible a new one for Freedom of Information. It's also created new art forms, become a people's printing press and seduced us generally with its glowing green light.

Daniel Ellsberg said his mind was branded by this moving bar of light long after his nights spent Xeroxing the Pentagon Papers. He did his copying on an ad agency machine, an old, slow model, and to save time Ellsberg often avoided putting down the grey rubber flap. He did, however, paste a strip of cardboard across the glass to blot out the TOP SECRET imprint on each page. When Ellsberg and co-copier Anthony Russo were tried for their theft, their defense team blocked their prosecution with the aid of an estimated one million pages of Xeroxed briefs and other documents. With the release of the Pentagon Papers, the photocopier took its place in

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

American history alongside the quill pen and recorded tapes. As Russo said on the stand, "It's an honor to have Xeroxed the Pentagon Papers."

These papers brought dramatically to our attention how central photocopying has become in the conduct of public affairs. "Damn near everything I handled was Xeroxed or duplicated," recalls former presidential press secretary Gerald Warren. "When you're working in the White House, it's evident that if you write something there's a good chance of its being circulated. I became cognizant of not putting my name on anything without expecting it to be circulated. *Anything.*"

Over a glass ashtray etched with Richard Nixon's name in his *San Diego Union* editor's office, Warren brought up William Safire's *Before the Fall* to illustrate his point. "Where would that book be without the Xerox?" he asks. "With all its memos and so forth." Warren doesn't recall feeling surrounded by humming Xerox machines at the White House, but once the trickle of leaks became a flood, he was forced to conclude that "they were certainly humming someplace."

Gerald Warren doubts that the absence of Xerox machines would have stanched White House leaks. Those who wanted to share White House documents would have found other means. But

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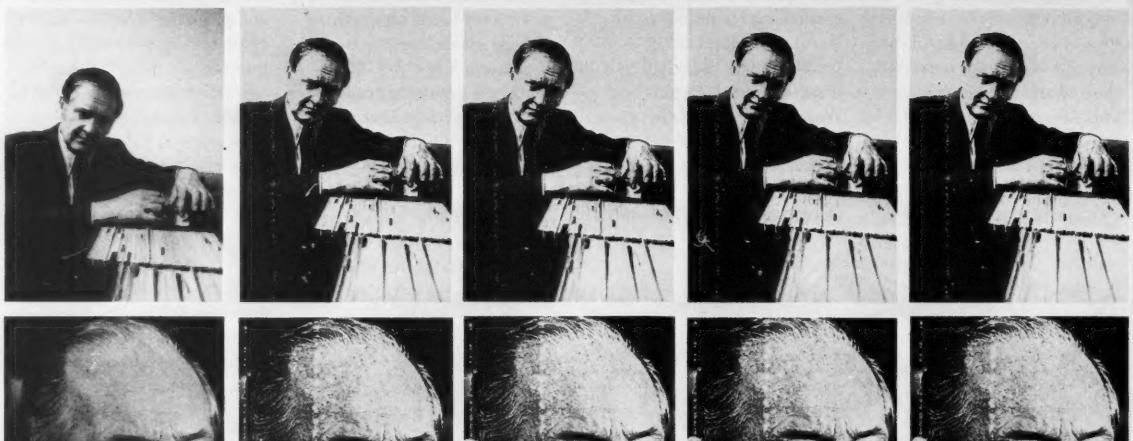
WIDE WORLD



The White House Xerox machine helped Jack Anderson (center) get scoops and John Dean and Howard Hunt get jail terms.

would carbon copies have had the same clout? Or hand-written notes? Or excerpts from documents whispered over the phone?

Would the Pentagon Papers have swung as much weight retyped by a pool of stenographers?

Xerox copies speak with authority. They're like instant replay compared with a referee's memory. "You just have a little more secure feeling about them," says Les Whitten, Jack Anderson's associate, of the photocopies flowing through their office. "If you just have something typed out, you have no idea if it's authentic or not. But if you get a Xerox, at least it's on letterhead and you can check the typing against the typing that comes from that particular office."

Whitten recalls one case in which they hired an expert to match the typeface of a Xeroxed document that incriminated a banker with a typewriter in his office. They then took this document and waved it in the banker's face. He wept.

During 25 years as a reporter, Whitten says, he's seen a direct correlation between the increase in document-leaking and the spread of Xerography. He's sure this is no coincidence. Before Xerox, Whitten points out, someone with a document to leak had limited options: photostatting, photography, copying by hand, taking carbons or taking the original. "All of these things are difficult to do," says Whitten. "Now, if somebody has a document that should be exposed in the public interest, all he has to do is flip it through a Xerox machine and send us a copy."

Like the guy at the State Department who once Xeroxed 99 classified documents for Whitten in a lunch hour. Or all the people at Nixon's White House who sent Jack Anderson gift packets of Xeroxed memos and things. "I think it became almost a national sport," Whitten says of these gifts, "for people over there to reach into files—particularly files they couldn't get caught reaching into; it might belong to the fellow next-door—and burn off a copy to send us."

Nixon was compelled to stop this Xerographic insurrection. Guards were posted at the White House copying machines. And John Dean had his Xerox privileges taken away. (They were later restored by a judge.)

The dirty tricksters would have been helpless without Xerox. Howard Hunt forged cables on a White House machine, and Gordon Liddy copied McGovern stationery on a machine rented by the Committee to Reelect the President.

But he who lives by the Xerox can also die by the Xerox. When Nixon finally was pulled down, it was in part by the weight of photocopied evidence against him. Efficient managers that they were, Nixon's men made and distributed multiple copies of their memos. So when the

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special prosecuter's staff couldn't find a memo they were looking for in A's file, all they had to do was look for a Xerox in B's file, or C's. In the process, they would sometimes find copies of memos they didn't even know existed. A former member of the special prosecuter's office calls such Xeroxed evidence "indispensable" to his case. He points out that the first piece of equipment his office acquired was a Xerox machine. They made constant use of it.

(In *How the Good Guys Finally Won*, Jimmy Breslin says the notebooks alone of Rodino committee members consisted of 1.5 million Xeroxed pages. Such bulk forced the committee to use expensive bond paper that collated more easily. At one point, Peter Rodino himself was pressed into Xeroxing late into the night.)

The press covering Watergate was also dependent on the power of photocopies. Carl Bernstein entered the case with Xeroxed notes that had originally been taken by a reporter at the break-in scene. He and Woodward then developed their story with the help of such photocopied evidence as canceled checks and telephone records. When the two were told of Haldeman and Ehrlichman's resignation, they didn't believe their ears. They believed it only after seeing

One does not say, "Let's Pitney Bowes that"

Xeroxed resignation letters, they wrote in *All the President's Men*, because "that made it real."

During the Ervin committee hearings, even television newsmen on the scene were often at the mercy of Xerox. Trying desperately to fill air time one afternoon while reporter Carl Stern waited for the White House enemies list to be copied so he could read it on the air, NBC's John Chancellor was reduced to muttering that "the world seems to hinge on Xerox machines these days."

It's hard to keep in mind how recent this truth is. Just 15 years ago the Xerox Corporation introduced the first copier that could reproduce originals clearly, with a dry process and on ordinary paper. By now the term *Xerox* has grown synonymous not just with photocopying but with copying of any kind. "His second novel was just a Xerox of the first," we'll say, or, "The twins were Xerox copies of each other."

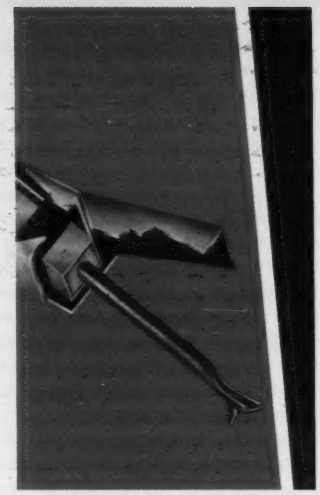
Long before Xerox, there was photostatting, a direct camera-copying process in use since the turn of the century. When it was reported recently that Jack Kennedy contributed to Richard Nixon's 1950 Senate campaign, a former Nixon campaign aide moaned, "We sure could have used a photostat of that check."

After a variety of chemical processes were found wanting in the early Fifties, 3M introduced its Thermofax machine in 1955. This produced legible copies quickly on crackly, brown-orange paper. Jack Anderson's source would say in 1972 that the copies of Thomas Eagleton's alleged drunk-driving record he claimed to have seen were Thermofaxed. Les Whitten recalls the rising tide of press leaks in general beginning a couple of decades ago on "these strangely colored orange pieces of paper." Thermofax copies have a branded look and "I'll burn you a copy" is a common idiom left over from this process' brief reign.

Today, of course, and for more than a decade, to copy is to Xerox. Although this field has grown crowded with competitors, many of whose machines are comparable to those of Xerox, one simply does not say, "Let's Pitney Bowes that," or, "How about running off a few 3Ms?"

The precipitous genericizing of its name has turned the Xerox Corporation into a media nag. In recent years, Xerox has pleaded with people not to use its name as a common noun, let alone a verb. This might only be a cynical ploy to *encourage* the practice, but there is cause for the company's concern. "Photostat," after all, began as a trademark, as did mimeograph, mineral oil, milk of magnesia, thermos bottle, linoleum, fiberglass, cellophane, nylon, aerosol, escalator, shredded wheat, kerosine, windbreaker and tabasco sauce. In a celebrated court case more than half a century ago, Judge Learned Hand took away Bayer's exclusive right to their "aspirin" trademark because usage of this term had grown so common. And so Xerox keeps on nagging.

This company's larger concern is to protect its dominant position in a continually expanding field. In 1975, an estimated 75 billion photocopies (or 350 per person) were made in the U. S., and the industry grossed about $3 billion. These figures are double those of five years ago, and they are expected to double again by 1980. Though its dominance has slipped somewhat in recent years, Xerox still collects over half of all revenues for photocopying and 82 percent of all revenues from plain-paper



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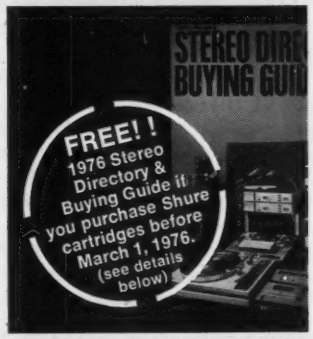

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copiers.*

Historian Daniel Boorstin (recently appointed librarian of congress) calls Xerography an influential shaper of this era, but one in need of chronicling. In *The Americans: The Democratic Experience,* Boorstin groups Xerox machines with Polaroid cameras, tape recorders and videotape as a source of repeatable experience, "making daily life into a world of mass-produced moments. Now almost anything that was seen or heard by anyone could also be seen or heard by countless unidentifiable others."

How you feel about this depends on where you stand. For the makers of carbon paper, Xerography is a horror. For the file cabinet industry, it's a boon. Xerox machines have helped the CIA with their letter-copying and made file-rifling easier for the FBI. Researchers love photocopying and newsletter publishers despise it.

Without question, photocopying has made us a less edited culture. Yet it has democratized the flow of information. Les Whitten calls Xerox machines "the greatest thing for the press since the First Amendment." But after having some of his administration's files liberated in this way, the late French President Georges Pompidou lamented photocopying as "a disease of our times."

The Freedom of Information Act would be meaningless without Xerox machines. Before the development of Xerography, gaining access to your FBI file, for example, would have meant traveling to Washington, trusting an agent's report of its contents or paying a fortune for photostats. Though some agencies have tried to discourage people from taking advantage of the act's provisions by overcharging for reproduction, a recent amendment requires such fees to reflect true cost. (Even so, the sons of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg not long ago were offered 953 pages of CIA material relating to their parents at $14.85 a page and 29,900 pages of FBI data at 78¢ per page. These figures included a "search" fee that was later rescinded.)

Politicians can't exist without copies. No campaign today would be considered healthy without a Xerox at its heart firing instant press releases and returning the fire from opponents. Long after the 1972 presidential primaries had ended, Ed Muskie's biggest single unpaid creditor was the Xerox Corporation.

Once in office, today's politician becomes, if anything, more dependent on photocopying and its aura. A generous Xerox budget and preferably one's own machine have become contemporary signs of political prestige comparable to a chauffeured limousine. This is true of government members in general. Former Health, Education and Welfare employee Robert Ellis Smith recalls wistfully the Xerox perks of that status: the daily news summary awaiting him in the morning; the right to make unlimited copies on a whim and the exciting clash of Xerox on Xerox. "I've seen times in meetings when a bureaucrat would lose a point," the lawyer recalls, "simply because he couldn't produce a Xerox to confirm it."

After leaving government, Smith worked in the American Civil Liberties Union's Washington office. When visiting government officials on ACLU business, he found "I'll make you a Xerox of that" to be a reflexive, almost ceremonial remark. "It's a form of payola," Smith explains. "A little token of esteem, a gift—the only kind a bureaucrat can give you. There's a whole ritual involved. Meetings open with the offering of coffee and close with the handing over of Xeroxes. In between, the bureaucrat is stacking things up on his desk. Just before you leave, he buzzes his secretary and hands her the pile, saying, 'Go Xerox this.' Then he gives them to you both as a present and as a signal that the meeting's ended."

One has become hooked on Xeroxing when reading the material no longer seems necessary before copying it

A bureaucrat's nightmare is that some incriminating document will get caught in the machine's middle, just waiting to be flushed out by an enemy. Or that he will leave something important beneath the flap of a Xerox machine. When John Bartels was forced to resign as head of the Drug Enforcement Administration, one charge against him was that he had blocked an investigation of associates—an investigation he learned about only after a secretary found evidence of it left on a Xerox copier.

The main lesson bureaucrats have learned from Xerox machines is to stay on the good side of their secretaries. Bear in mind that while the rest of us were interested in the Pentagon Papers primarily for *what* they revealed, bosses' stomachs everywhere turned at the thought of *how* they were revealed. "My God," was the instant reaction, "could such a thing happen to me?" "Who's the Ellsberg in my office?" "What about my secretary?"

Over the past several months, the American Medical Association has been suffering the consequences of Xeroxed leaks. Since June, the AMA has been severely embarrassed by a flow of internal documents to the outside world showing their collusion with drug companies and political activities inconsistent with nonprofit status. These photocopied documents were presumably being shared with the press by a doctor nicknamed "Sore Throat," who called to talk hoarsely with reporters. In fact, as the AMA announced after hiring a detective agency to help the search, the real leakers seem to have been three disgruntled secretaries with a grudge and a photocopy machine.

By now, a generation has grown up in the company of Xerox. The machine's use to us is second nature. "We call it Parkinson's law of copiers," explains Bill Coggshall, of Dataquest, Inc., an independent investment analysis firm that collects data from photocopy users. "If a photocopier is there, people will find a way to use it."

Now that copies can be made for a dime at the laundromat, they've become a ubiquitous part of everyday life. It's hard to recall how we made copies of resumes, bills in dispute and party invitations complete with map before Xerox came along. (One prospective bride planned to Xerox thank-you notes in advance and distribute them to gift-givers at her wedding, rolled and tied with a yellow ribbon.)

As photocopying has become routine, headaches once limited to the executive suite have crept into our living rooms. The left-under-the-flap problem, for instance. At my local library they remember finding (and returning) an endorsed $10,000 check left on their SCM machine. By the *Rolling Stone* account, one of Bill and Emily Harris' more panicky moments on the lam came when she left the original of a letter to his mom on a public photocopier. After hurrying back to find the letter gone, the SLA pair was sure their goose was cooked. But nothing ever came of it.

Less dramatic but more pervasive is the explosion of Xerox promiscuity. By one estimate, 25 percent of all copies

* Industry-wide photocopying statistics are difficult to compile and interpret. Data reported on this topic, for example, often apply to plain-paper copiers alone. Competition in the copying industry is cutthroat (including allegations of equipment sabotage by competitive sales reps), and producers are not always forthcoming with dependable information. Statistics used in this article were supplied primarily by Dr. William Coggshall of Dataquest, Inc., an independent investment analysis firm in Palo Alto that collects data from photocopy users and is considered authoritative.

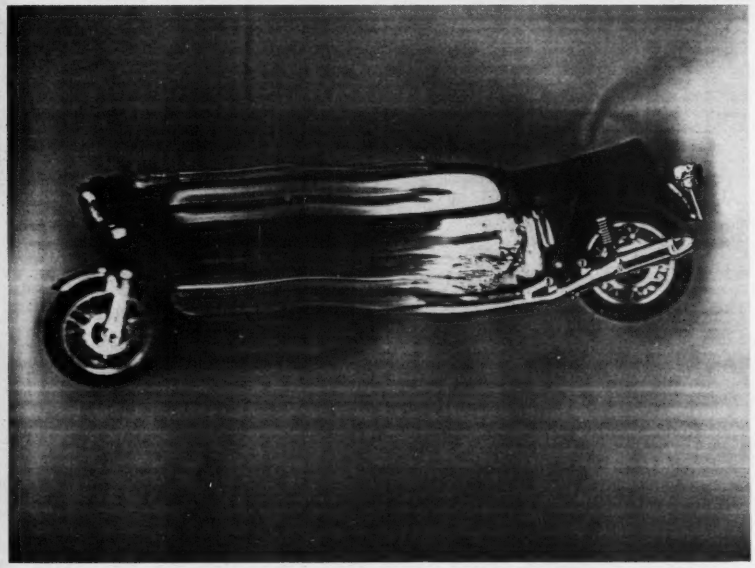
made are unnecessary, and some consider this figure conservative. Inside the office, tomorrow's efficiency experts will be attacking Xerox promiscuity with both slower copiers and fewer of them to cause longer lines and discourage profligate Xerography.

Office managers are Xerox politicking already. Who gets to use which machine how often has become a morale issue rivaling the length of coffee breaks. The awarding of Xerox keys and charge accounts are basic status delineators within any office, as is a secretary with enough clout to move to the head of photocopy lines.

On the other hand, no humiliation quite matches that of being the office Xerox schlemiel. This is the person for whom the machine just won't work. "It's awful," shudders one such unfortunate. "It's begun to affect my image of myself." Says another: "You have the feeling it's laying there waiting for you. 'Here comes Rice. What should I hit him with today? Faulty feeder? Blotchy toner? Paper jammed in the rollers?' I hate the damned thing, but we're absolutely dependent on it."

But what about those of us left to the mercy of our unchaperoned passions, those of us who don't hate it, but love it? Per-copy costs are going down, not up. In a competitive setting such as university towns, the 3¢ copy has arrived. How are we to resist such temptation?

Make no mistake: What begins as a simple pleasure, the occasional Xerox or two, can quickly become an obsession—a craving for copies. Meyer Liben's short story "Minkin Copying" profiles the preoccupation with Xeroxing ("later on a stronger term will be needed") of an old clerk named Minkin. As public photocopy machines begin to make their appearance, Minkin begins slowly, copying an occasional letter for which he's neglected to make a carbon. Then the clerk decides more copies are necessary. "A voluminous letter writer Minkin was not," Liben writes, "but it became apparent to him that copies should be held of *all* letters written. Say the response to a letter is based on a misunderstanding of what was in that letter. You must quote your own letter to make clear the basis of the misunderstanding. If you don't have the letter, you must quote from memory. . . the kind of people who create misunderstandings would probably not accept your memoried version against what they had in writing. They could even send you a copy of your own letter to prove that your memory was not absolutely accurate. It was on the basis of this kind of thinking that Minkin decided to xerox *all* the letters he mailed."



XEROX ART BY DENNIS WHEELER

Xerography, once strictly a help for business, has now become a tool for artists.

Minkin begins to see the need for copies where he'd seen none before: of checks, of bills, of instructions to the laundryman in case they're not properly carried out. So he buys his own machine. Finally, "surrounded by the copies of what goes out to the alien, even menacing world, he feels a kind of security, for all misunderstandings, all lies and slanders can be effectively rebutted."

Such Xerox addiction may seem exotic. It is not. The need to make copies is no more bizarre than a sweet tooth. I suffer from it myself. My copying habit today is up to a kilo or so a week. There are many who are even more addicted. Like my friend Bob Frankel. Bob calls Xerox "my favorite piece of machinery."

"I love Xerox machines," Bob admits, "and have for nine or ten years. Why, with a Xerox machine you can take any piece of paper in the world and make it your own." Frankel's Xerox fixation is exacerbated by living in Cambridge, a city so filled with junkies that every corner candy store seems to have a copying machine. Having dispensed with carbon paper entirely, Bob today copies any document of conceivable value. Sometimes he makes two copies, one to send home to Toledo. "You know," he explains, "just in case."

There are existential questions at issue here. In one sense, the need for copies is Cartesian logic amended. I Xerox, therefore I am.

But the essence of Xerox addiction is fear—fear for the loss of an original, especially to one's enemies. Copying can give marvelous expression to paranoia, justified and otherwise. While writing his book of CIA revelations, ex-agent Philip Agee stopped every 30 pages or so to Xerox these pages, which he then squirreled away in different parts of town. (Thomas Kiernan probably wishes he'd done the same with the only copy of his manuscript on Bebe Rebozo, which was recently stolen from the writer's apartment.)

Fears don't have to be justified to warrant extra copies. For anyone manning a public station—desk sergeants, legal aid lawyers, receptionists—the wide-eyed unfortunates carrying smudged manila folders fat with photocopied evidence of the wrongs being done them have become a commonplace.

I was once doing some copying on the library's SCM when the man in line behind me commented that I seemed to have a system. Before I could answer, a young guy in line rolled his eyes and said, "You *need* a system. Your enemies have one."

He then looked to see what I was copying. It was *New York Times* index references to the Indian state of Sikkim. Printed on the same page was the heading "Slander." Pointing to this, the young man said, "Slander. Is that like what people are doing to me?"

He decided this index might be a good source for him and had me steer him to where they were shelved. When I later returned to the photocopy machine, my new friend had a tall stack of *New York Times* indices beside him. "Boy," he said, pressing one down on the glass plate. "I sure am glad you put me onto this. It's really going to help my court

case. You know how they are. Everything has to be documented."

I looked more closely at what the man was copying. It was front covers of the twice-monthly index from the Watergate period. These covers consisted largely of pictures—of Nixon, Ehrlichman, Haldeman, Mitchell. "We're gonna have to get these guys," the copier told me with a knowing look. "The Nixons, the Rockefellers. Stealing all our money and never putting a penny back."

I asked how long he'd been engaged in documentation. Two weeks, was the response. The guy was thinking of buying his own machine, he added, since it was becoming necessary to copy "everything"—sometimes in duplicate or triplicate. He was even thinking of renting a safe deposit box to hold all his copies.

You never can tell, I said.

"That's right," the guy nodded, raising his eyebrows. "You never can tell."

A good rule of thumb is that one has become hooked on Xeroxing when reading the material no longer seems necessary before copying it. Again, this may sound out of the ordinary, but it isn't. After all, Kenneth Parkinson won acquittal from a charge of complicity in the Watergate cover-up by persuading a jury that he hadn't read an incriminating document—only Xeroxed it.

The problem time for a Xerox junkie comes after being cut off from a source of supply. A discharged employee told me of sneaking back to his old office in the dead of night just to whip off a few copies. Finally he got hold of himself and opened a charge account at the local copy center. After several weeks of running up a tab, he grew disgusted with himself and quit. Cold turkey. Went back to reading information instead of copying it, and taking notes by hand. Today, this man takes perverse pride in rarely resorting to Xerox. And he's found unexpected side benefits. Human contact, for example. "People now have to come see me for the original of information they want," he explains. "Before I would have just said, 'I'll Xerox it and stick it in the mail.' "

As with any addiction, a gentler tapering off is advisable in most cases. Because curing a need for copies isn't just a matter of cutting off supply. This can touch off what one executive calls "Xerox anger." A craving for copies, he's found, quickly turns to rage if frustrated.

This executive was part of a human relations seminar at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. Menninger psychologist Layne Longfellow says the whole problem of Xerox addiction can be a lively topic for discussion among corporate and government officials he leads in such seminars. One participant described the conflict resulting when two colleagues clashed over "restrictive" and "permissive" approaches to Xeroxing. Another told in awe of the time some employees broke into the Xerox room on a weekend and made 10,000 copies.

Longfellow suspects that needs may be at work here other than the need for copies. Xeroxing, he points out, is a reproductive process. It has analogies to human reproduction. Like children, the products of this process carry the hope of immortality. With enough copies of your memos on file, surely *some* record will live on of your existence.

"This gets into the whole area of self-affirmation," adds Longfellow. "Because if you can make 14 copies of something, you're more certain about it. By God, it's documented! Before your very eyes. In multiple. And this way of affirming yourself can lead to addiction. Since questions about the self-image are diminished, it becomes a need, a reliance on the machine to do it for you."

"It became like a lover. I put my body on the plate and did all these erotic things"

Dr. Longfellow also cites the opinion of a colleague, a psychiatrist, that overuse of the Xerox can be a sign of anal compulsion. "The whole issue of controlling one's bowels is the same as saving Xerox copies," he explains. "It puts out stacks of paper like the organism puts out feces. By collecting such paper—copies of everything—you can exert more control over yourself and people around you. It's like the old cartoon of the guy on the toilet saying, 'The job is never done till the paper work's done.' "

But Longfellow's favorite explanation of Xerox addiction is as an unconscious association with human reproduction—"especially when you need to stick something into the machine to make it work, a key, or a counter. Then think about how you start it up (especially one of those nice big ones). All you have to do is push the machine's button and it warms up, it hums, soft lights come on (nothing harsh). It literally glows, gets warm and will go as long as you want it to, then shut itself off and wait for your touch to start up again." Longfellow chuckles at his unexpected power of metaphor.

"A Xerox," he concludes, "can be titillating."

Consider, in this light, the case of Barbara Smith. Smith, 43, is a Los Angeles artist who pioneered the use of Xerography as an art form. Today, there are many like her—particularly since color has been added to the process. But ten years ago, when Mrs. Smith rented a Xerox 914 to create pictures in black and white, she was virtually alone.

The artist installed this machine in her dining room. She and her husband (now ex-husband) ate elsewhere. Daily, for months, Mrs. Smith worked at her Xerox. She loved the quality of line it produced—like modern etching, but never predictable—always a little different from what you expected.

After 50,000 copies, her machine needed an overhaul. But this took three days, and the artist couldn't bear the thought of separation. "It became like a lover," she says today. "I put my body on the plate and did all these erotic things. I thought of interacting on it with my husband, but he wouldn't. So I did anyway. I did it without him. My lover was the machine."

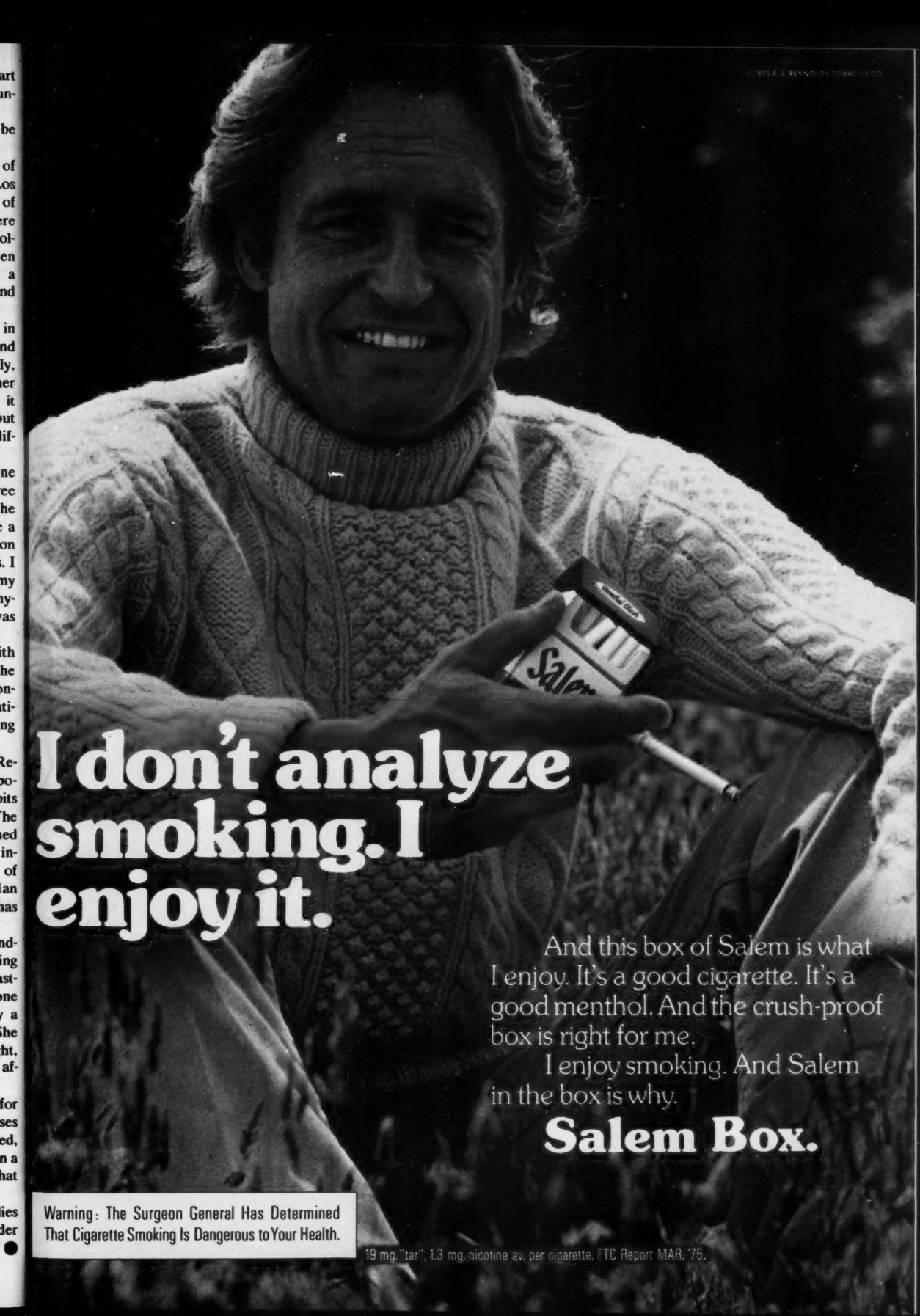
After a year and a half, Mrs. Smith began to feel her relationship with the Xerox had grown peculiar. "It was controlling me," she explains. "It was insatiable. I was just a tool of it. It was making me do all these things."

So she quit. Just like that. Returned the machine to the Xerox Corporation. And though the artist still exhibits products of her Xerox period ("The harsh, grainy details of arms, flattened nose, breasts and folds of skin cast the individual one knew into a creature of almost monstrous intimacy," artist Allan Kaprow writes of her efforts), Smith has since moved on to other media.

But she remembers her 914 fondly, especially its bar of light moving beneath the glass like a green sun—casting a morning shadow on top, then none in the middle, like noon, and finally a shadow of twilight at the bottom. (She had no worry of harm because the light, despite contrary speculation, cannot affect your eyes or cause sterilization.)

Though now separated from it for several years, Mrs. Smith says she misses her machine. Perhaps, it was suggested, the machine might some day turn up on a junk heap for her to reclaim. Would that be something she'd like?

"I sure would," Mrs. Smith replies instantly. Then she paused. "I wonder what they do with their old machines?" ●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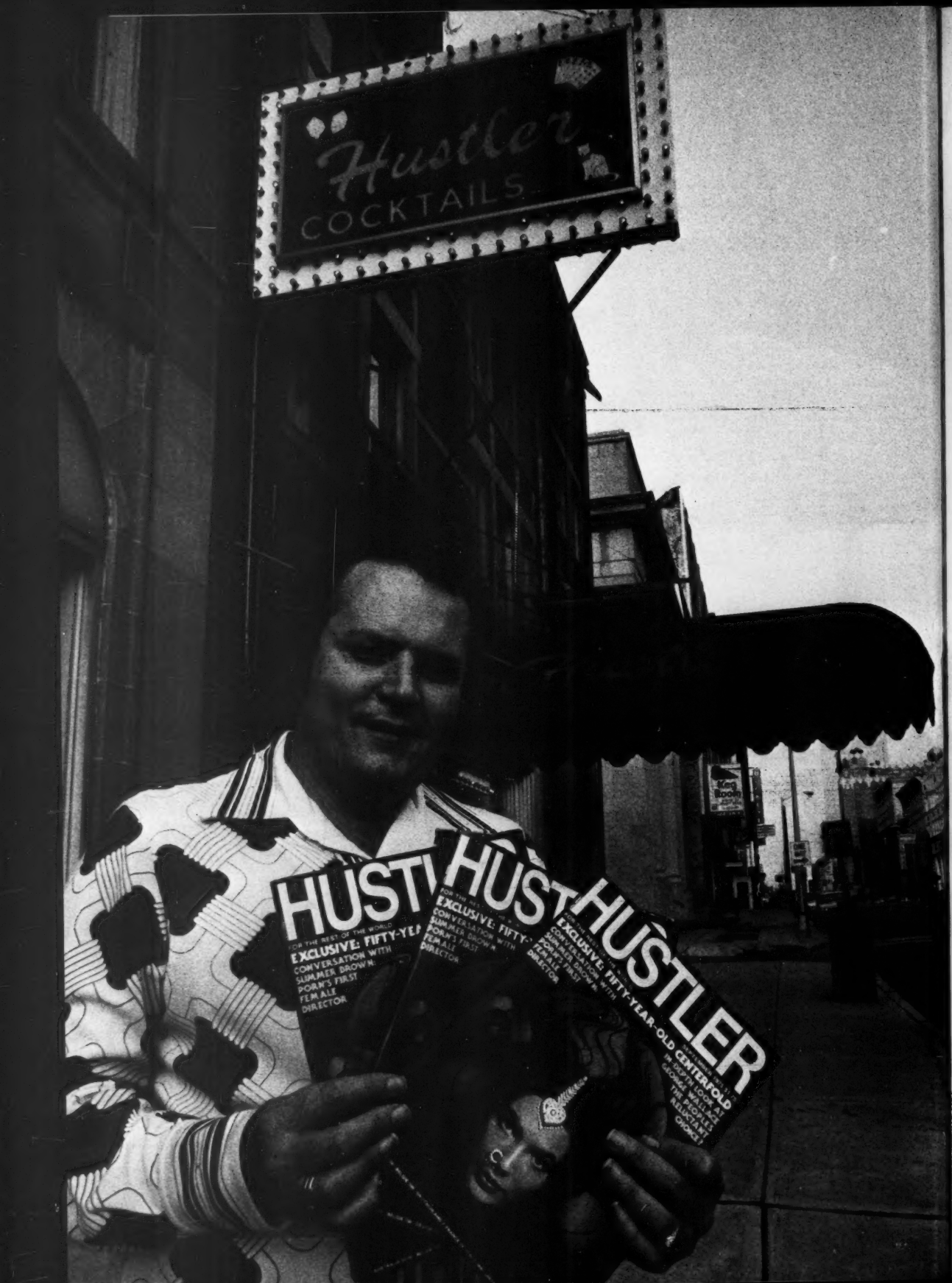

Hustler
COCKTAILS
HUSTLER
EXCLUSIVE: FIFTY-YEAR-OLD CENTERFOLD

Grossing out with publishing's hottest hustler (or Flem Snopes in Skinland)

With Hustler magazine, Larry Flynt has proved an old adage: no one ever lost money underestimating the intelligence of the American public

By Robert Ward

Burly Larry Flynt is sitting in his French Provincial chair, staring meditatively out of the fourteenth-story window of the New York Hilton. Below him are the winking, blinking red, yellow and blue lights of the bankrupt Big Apple.

"This here is some city," he drawls, barely moving his mouth and with a reptilian glimmer in his eyes.

"This is the kind of a place where you would expect a Bob Guccione . . . or a Hefner. . . . The big city. Me? I'm just a farm boy from Kentucky, you see? That's the truth. Quit school in the eighth grade. In the army at 14 and out at 16. Spent *most* of my childhood looking up a mule's ass."

"Oh Larry, stop moving," says Flynt's girlfriend, Althea Leasure. "I've got to get this hair done. We're gonna be late for the dinner!"

Larry Flynt shuts his heavy-lidded eyes, hangs his big belly yet another notch over his midnight-blue cotton pants, and lets Althea work his Roman curls up into a nice soufflé.

Althea is dark-haired, country girl pretty, with just a few pounds of the bulge starting to pop out of her chiffon dress. She smiles a lot, a very appealing toothy grin, which makes her look at once innocent and vaguely malicious.

"Larry's not always this . . . particular, you know. But this is a rather special occasion."

"You see," says Flynt, "it's not every night that the publisher of *Hustler* magazine gets to eat with the publisher of *Penthouse*, the big, phony creep. I'll bet when they give him the award, he doesn't mention one thing about all the ass shots and wide open beavers. That's Guccione's whole problem. He and Hefner won't admit that their magazines are turn-ons first. Editorial content comes second. That's why *Hustler* magazine is going to run them off the market. Wait till you get to Columbus and I show you the sales stats. We're wiping them out. You know why? Because we know how to appeal to our readers. We'd rather have ten truck drivers reading *Hustler* than one college professor. We're the only men's magazine that tells it like it is. Our magazine is a turn-on. You see? And our magazine responds to what the people *are*, not what we'd like them to be. That's why they love us so much."

Which, all things considered, is the literal truth. Since its inception a mere 18 months ago, *Hustler* has become the third leading contestant (circulation of 1.4 million) in what is politely called The Men's Magazine Trade, trailing only *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. Arthur Kretchmer, editorial director of *Playboy*, and Bob Guccione, editor of *Penthouse*, both consider Larry Flynt's magazine an abomination, a virtual encyclopedia of bad taste and vacuous content. And both deny that *Hustler* is making any impact on their sales or editorial policies. On the first score, at least, they're telling the truth. *Hustler* is so lowbrow, so tasteless, so essentially moronic that one is tempted to write it off as a put-on. What can one make of a magazine that, for instance, runs a monthly column entitled "Asshole of the Month"? The total mindlessness of the magazine is astounding: A majority of the profiles are about other smut kings; the poorly drawn cartoons are the kind of thing junior high school kids find funny. (An old man and woman are in the kitchen. The woman is on the phone, the man is undressed and sticking his penis into a turkey. The caption: "Yes, honey, Granddad is stuffing the turkey this year.") The fiction is written by rank amateurs from the Dick and Jane school of creative writing, and the photo layouts are simply gross caricatures that dehumanize everyone involved. (Butch, a black man with an enormous member, sticks it to Peaches, a white Southern belle; a teenage girl hops into bed with an inordinately ugly middle-aged goon.)

Still, after all this is said, one is left with the astounding fact that *Hustler* appeals to about one and a half million people every month. What's more, Larry Flynt's goofy, inane and tasteless features (a centerfold of a 50-year-old woman; 30

photos of Jackie Onassis swimming in the nude) have pushed both *Penthouse* and *Playboy* closer to hard-core porn—though both magazines deny it. Check inside either *Playboy* or *Penthouse* and you will see the mark of Larry Flynt. *Penthouse*, once considered an upstart in the skin business for showing pubic hair, is now coming on strong with "wide open beavers," "female masturbation" and the whole boatload of once taboo "erotica." *Playboy*, according to editorial director Arthur Kretchmer, "will never be a magazine as low and tasteless as *Hustler*." But one look at the November issue gives the game away. There, in good, old-fashioned heterosexual *Playboy*, is a very suggestive lesbian motif. In short, both *Playboy* and *Penthouse* may be feeling the hot beer and sausage breath of the Flem Snopes of Skinland—Mister Larry Flynt.

In fact, the heat is getting so intense in the skin world that *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione is starting a hard-core magazine *(Bravo!)* to compete with Flynt's "raw" publication. And in the coming months, newsstand browsers may expect to be inundated with several new sex publications; in addition to Guccione's venture, there will be *Gallery*'s offspring *Pub* and *Dawn* (a magazine for women). There are even rumors that *Playboy* (circulation 6 million) is starting a hard-core magazine, though *Playboy*'s Kretchmer stoutly denies it. As *Dawn* editor Gay Bryant put it, "Larry Flynt's *Hustler* has caused a revolution in men's magazines. He's dropped the bottom out of the business."

Moreover, skin-magazine fans can expect to pay higher prices than ever for their vicarious titillation. *Playboy* and *Penthouse* have gone up from $1.25 to $1.50 for their regular issues, $1.75 for their holiday issues. *Hustler* sells at a regular price of $1.75 and soars up into the ethereal ranges of $2.25 for its holiday issue.

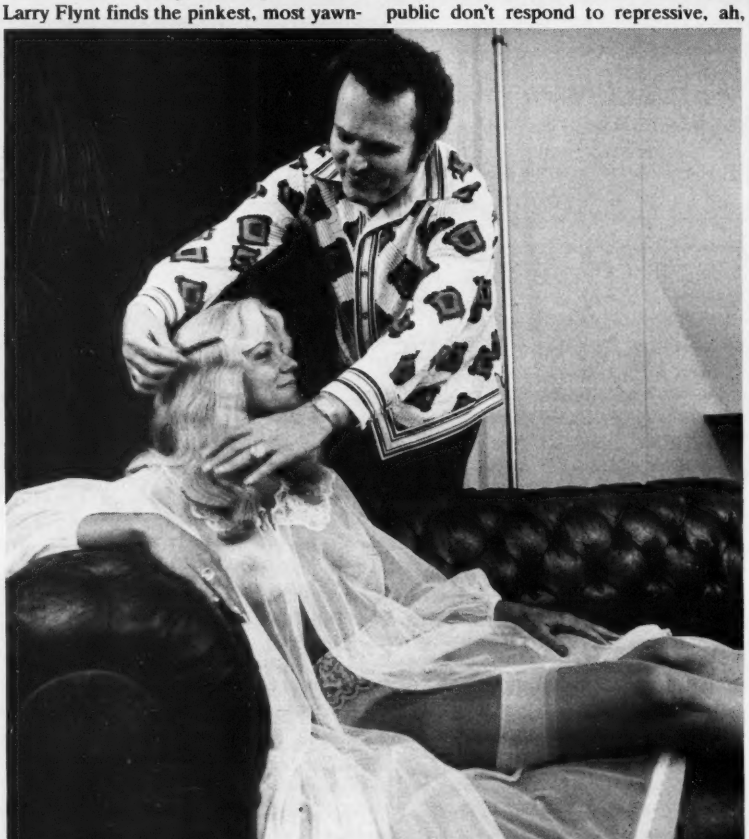
Just a cursory look at some magazine racks is enough to make one think we are truly living in the last stages of the Roman Empire. At one small and rather poorly stocked newsstand in the Chelsea district of New York City, I perused the following publications: *Hot Sex, Swing, Pornocopia, Pussycat, San Francisco Ball, Fetish Times, Smut, Hooker, Pleasure, Screw, Orgy, Swingers Yellow Pages, Skin, Eat (For the Oral Minded), Sex, Gay Scene, Dick (The Magazine with Balls).* Now, to be sure, most of these are what people in the skin-mag business call "garage publications," but remember, friends, *Hustler* was once merely a two-page house organ for Larry Flynt's Ohio Hustler Clubs. With a little capital and with the stiffly erect banner of *Hustler* successfully sailing in the wind, who knows how many of these small-time smut-mongers may decide to "go national." In short, if *Hustler* is the success Larry Flynt and many others (not all) in the skin-trade business think it may be, then we may expect to see the geometric growth of these rags on every newsstand in the U.S. One may imagine a day when there are over a thousand slick national sex magazines, filled with no stories at all . . . only endless color pictures of endless couplings, endless suckings, giving rise to endless ennui.

Flynt, however long he lasts, has succeeded in exposing the grimy exploitative foundation of all the other men's magazines by merely embodying, and unconsciously parodying, all of their most base values. If Hefner shows big, melony breasts, Larry Flynt shows severed nipples. If Guccione gives the reader a big, wide swath of curly, black pubic hair, Larry Flynt finds the pinkest, most yawning cavern he can buy and spreads it all over a four-page pull-out centerfold. In short, *Hustler* is a prod, a critique and an unconscious parody of the exploitation, stupidity and tasteless mediocrity of all the men's magazines.

Scene: The Annual National Publishing Industry Dinner in Support of the Brandeis University Scholarship and Fellowship Program.

Larry Flynt, Althea Leasure and I are sitting in the back seat of a cab that is parked in front of the St. Regis Hotel. Larry is paying the driver and eyeing the procession of angry, sign-carrying women who are circling the pavement in front of the entrance. Flynt is just finishing explaining to me why *Hustler* magazine is the "biggest publishing success since Henry Luce came on the scene with *Life* magazine."

"You see," Flynt says, fishing in his pocket, "it's like this. The American public don't respond to repressive, ah,



Final touches: Larry takes personal interest in a *Hustler* model.

Pink journalism: At story meetings, the goal is to think of ideas that will turn on 1,500,000 readers and Flynt (left).

things. I mean take, for instance, the two biggest successes of the last year in the movie world. What were they? I'll tell you. See, it was *Jaws* and *Godfather*. Why? Because the American people identified with Al Pacino because he wasn't repressed. I mean the character he played wasn't repressed. See? The same with *Jaws*. That shark wasn't repressed. The American people don't like repression. What the hell is this?"

Larry is shutting the door to the cab and staring at the nine women who are marching around yelling things like "We don't want Guccione's money. Dirty man. Dirty money. Bob Guccione is a male chauvinist pig. An exploiter of women."

Larry shakes his head and stops one of the girls.

"Are you a student at Brandeis University?" he says.

"Yes," the girl says. In her two hands she clutches a big sign condemning Guccione.

"Well, don't it cost a lot of money to go to school?" Larry says.

"Yes," the girl says politely.

"Well, isn't Bob Guccione going to give Brandeis University $150,000 for their scholarship fund? And won't that make it easier for some kids to go to school?"

"Maybe so," says the girl. "But we don't want that kind of money. Do you realize that Bob Guccione made his fortune exploiting women? *Penthouse* is a sexist rag, and I think it is disgusting that my school is groveling to him by offering him an award as Publisher of the Year."

"*Penthouse* is sexist, huh?" says Larry.

Althea is standing there in her pink chiffon dress. She is staring wide-eyed at the girl, as if she is looking at a recently landed alien.

"Well, lemme ask you this," says Larry Flynt in his soft Kentucky accent. "Would you think it was wrong if *Ms.* was offering you the money?"

The girl stops and assumes a thoughtful look.

"No, that would be all right. *Ms.* is a good magazine."

Flynt opens his eyes a shade more.

"*Ms.* isn't sexist?" he says. He stares at Althea, who immediately starts to smile her big-toothed, country grin.

"*Ms.* isn't sexist, huh? Gloria Steinem isn't sexist? That's good. Hell. . . ."

Flynt wants to go on with this, but an older woman in the protest, a NOW member, comes up and gets the Brandeis students marching again.

"Harvey," Larry says, as a middle-aged couple walks toward us.

"Harvey, I want you to meet Bob Ward. He's here to do an article on us. Harvey Shapiro, Bob. He's our circulation man. I stole him away from the *National Enquirer*. He put them over the top . . . got them from 2 million to 4 million. This is Harv's wife, Bob. Babs, Bob. Bob, Babs."

"Hi, Babs," I say, and we start up the steps to the St. Regis.

The dinner is sponsored by the National Publishing Industry, a trade association of magazine publishers, retailers and circulation people. Each year Brandeis and the NPI honor some prominent figure with the Publisher of the Year award. This year the golden Justice Brandeis plaque goes to *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione, who just happens to have recently contributed to the Brandeis University Scholarship and Fellowship Program.

As we enter the lobby, we are surrounded by a weird assemblage of people: dapper-looking academics and administrators from Brandeis and little munchkin people, short little guys with balding heads and large pots. These are the retailers, jobbers and executives from the NPI. They are dressed in tuxedos but have the lines of the street in their faces. We are all flowing by the check-in desk, waiting for the elevator. A very uneasy marriage, this alliance between the Smut Kings and the Academics. Larry Flynt chooses this moment to vent his opinions on the women who are protesting this affair.

"Did you see them out there?" he says to Harvey. "They told me that *Ms.* magazine isn't sexist. That Gloria Steinem isn't sexist! Can you believe that? Bunch of filthy whores! You know what my ultimate dream is?"

"No," I say. "What is your ultimate dream?" Around us the faces fall apart. People are gazing desperately at the elevator dial, as if they are looking at a votive light.

"My ultimate dream is to take Butch—you know that big, black stud we had in the last issue of *Hustler*, the one with the 14-inch cock? I want to take Butch over to Gloria Steinem's and get

him to ram his huge organ up that bitch's ass. That's my ULTIMATE DREAM!"

Harvey smiles and shakes his sad-eyed Dopey Dog head.

"Did ya hear that, Babs?" he says. "Larry . . . you are such a kidder."

Babs looks a little faint but manages a nice, appreciative smile. Everyone else rushes for the elevator, as though they are trying to get away from an earthquake.

The St. Regis Room

Gore Vidal is standing in the exact center of the St. Regis Room. He is sipping a drink and talking earnestly with Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*. Vidal, impeccably dressed and using his Victor Mature eyebrows to show his patrician disdain for one and all, explains the problems of "making the big leap" to Al.

"You'll never get on the Carson show, Al," Gore says, raising the eyebrows. "It's not that you wouldn't be good. It's just the name of your publication. Johnny would come on and say, 'And now we have Al Goldstein, editor of. . . .' And that's it. You're through!"

Gore turns his head slowly, rolls his eyes and arches his eyebrows a few more times.

Goldstein laughs and runs his hand over his silken, poodle, wide tie, which hangs like a dead turkey neck from his tight blue body shirt. Though Al has been animatedly talking with Larry Flynt about circulation problems and his upcoming trial (Goldstein is under indictment in Utah and claims he could go to jail for "six hundred years"), Al is now silent, and his eyes take on a doe-like quality. Here he is, a nice Jewish smut merchant from Brooklyn talking with a world-famous author. Al and Gore trading tidbits! Who woulda thought it?

Before Al can answer Gore, their conversation is interrupted by Herald Fahringer, a lawyer who has made his name by defending people like Goldstein, Larry Flynt and Monique Von Cleef, the "Torture Queen" who ran a "House of Pain" in New Jersey. Fahringer is so slick, so distinguished (in the Rossano Brazzi mold), that he and Vidal look as though they are having a contest. Actually it's *nolo contendere*, for once Fahringer speaks it's obvious that he is deferring to Vidal's greater fame.

"I just loved your book *Burr*, Mr. Vidal," Fahringer says. "I found it to be so . . . historically accurate! Just what are you doing here? It's such a thrill to meet you!"

Vidal makes his eyebrows go up and down in double time. "I'm here with the Big Gucco," Vidal says, in his 1950s FBI documentary voice. "The Big Gucco and I are doing a movie together. . . . *Caligula* . . . but not Camus."

Althea Leasure speaks up.

"Oh thaat," she says. "Larry and I saw thaat . . . . It wasn't thaat good."

Vidal eyes Althea and exhales a short snort of breath. A second later he wanders off in search of the Big Gucco. Al Goldstein looks at Larry Flynt and Herald Fahringer.

"He's tremendously important," Goldstein says. "A literary giant!"

Flynt nods his head and smiles. At that moment the great teeming crowd of academics and members of the National Publishing Industry head into the main dining room. Dinner and Culture shall be served.

"You'll never get on the Carson show," Gore Vidal said to *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein. "It's not that you wouldn't be good. It's just the name of your publication"

Big Gucco's Award

After nibbling at the fat-laden roast beef and playing around with the Brie and the sherbet (this tasteless gunk cost $150 a plate?), the great assemblage of magazine people, smut kings and Brandeis officials is introduced to a whole rash of speakers, all of whom think they are on the Catskills' Borscht Belt Circuit. One speaker after another gets up and tells a bad Yiddish joke. However, only one is bad in a truly interesting way. A short, pinched-voice representative of the school gets up and looks out at the audience:

"This reminds me of a story," he says. "A man goes to the rabbi. The man has his dog with him and says to the rabbi, 'I would like to have my dog bar mitzvahed.' The rabbi looks sternly at the man and says, 'We don't bar mitzvah dogs here.' The man persists. He says, 'Look, my dog is 13 and I want him bar mitzvahed.' The rabbi is just as stern as before. 'I told you once already, we don't bar mitzvah dogs here.' Finally, the man gets a glow in his eyes and says to the rabbi, 'I'll give you $50,000 for your building fund.' The rabbi smiles and says, 'Funny, I didn't know your dog was Jewish.' "

That particular joke is met with an uneasy laughter, and the speaker receives a dark frown from the Big Gucco. Surprisingly, the joke is not lost on Larry Flynt, who leans over to me and says:

"See, them teachers and them professors are just the same as everybody else. It's money that makes them move. Just a bunch of whores."

Althea smiles and looks down at her sherbet.

"This isn't sweet," she says. "I just love sweet stuff. I can't wait until you come to Columbus, Bob. You're gonna have such good food. There's a lotta stuff out there that's really good."

The great moment has come, and the Big Gucco is given the big golden plaque: the Justice Brandeis Award for the Publisher of the Year. He nods and talks in a gravelly voice, reminiscent of the Godfather.

"Thank you from the bottom of my heart," mumbles the Big Gucco. "Dis is da most touching . . . the most moving thing that has happened to me since circumcision. . . ."

Now that's FUNNY! Larry Flynt and Al Goldstein laugh with much abandon. Al looks serious and says, "Class. You got to give it to him. He has class."

"Yeah," says Flynt. "But you watch. He won't mention one thing about the wide open beavers. He don't want to admit that he's selling tits and ass just like the rest of us."

"Yer right there," says Goldstein.

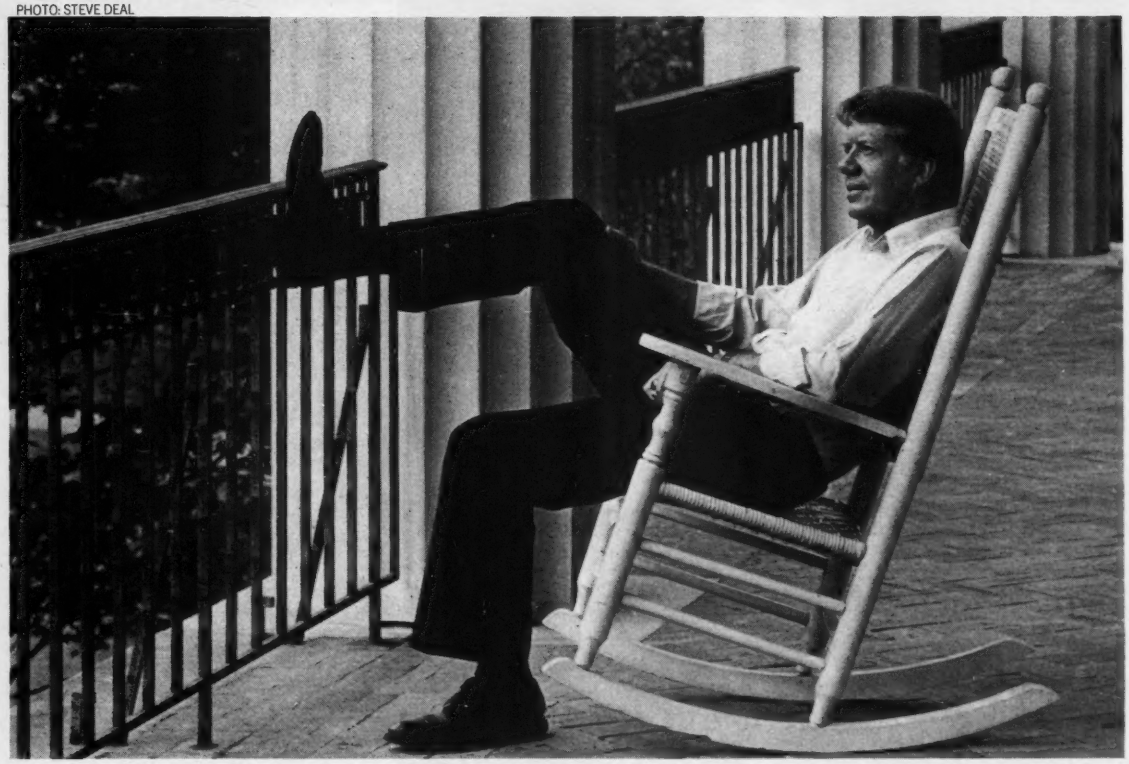
And indeed Big Bob Guccione doesn't mention it. Rather he dwells on the plight of Vietnam veterans and how much the cause has personally meant to him. All humble, the Big Gucco says he took on the cause in the first place because "it seemed right." He would have us believe he is a noble savage, one strong man rising up from the urban wilderness. And as for the "so-called exploitation of women," the Big Gucco claims that the protesters "don't fully comprehend how much *Penthouse* is behind women. We support the ERA, for God's sake."

Larry shakes his head and plays with his tie—black silk with white polka dots and red roses. But he does seem impressed. Could it be that L.F. feels just a touch of admiration? Not on your life!

"I'll bet when he's sitting in bed getting head from Kathy Keeton," Larry says, "he doesn't talk about the Viet vets. I'll bet he talks about how *Hustler* is showing more pussy and better pink shots

"His basic strategy consists of handshaking and street-cornering his way into familiarity."

PHOTO: STEVE DEAL



"Jimmy who? That derisive question was often asked in Georgia when the peanut farmer first ran for governor in 1966. But not when he made it on his second try, in 1970."

The handshaker and street-cornerer is Jimmy Carter, ex-Governor of Georgia and the subject of a capsule biography, one of a series exclusive in TIME, on 1976's presidential hopefuls.

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

Hustler's First Family: Althea's quite proud of Larry's Male Chauvinist Pig award.

than *Penthouse*, and how they better get that old beaver open or they'll get blown off the market!"

"I'll be glad to get home," says Althea. "Then we can have sweets and Bob can meet Wendall."

"Who's Wendall?" I say.

"Wendall is the grossest person in the world," Althea says. "He can make musical notes with his farts. I'm not kidding. He can play tunes with 'em. And he's so accurate he can let one fly and blow out a candle!"

Jimmy Flynt's Tale

At the Columbus airport I am met by Larry's brother, Jimmy Flynt. He is co-publisher of *Hustler*. He is wearing a dark blue cotton suit and black pointy-toed Italian jobbys with scarlet red heels. The shoes clash violently with the hayseed image of the suit, making him look like some kind of strange cross-pollination betwen Puerto Rican hipster and Kentucky Bible salesman. It isn't until later that I realize this bizarre hybrid defines Larry Flynt and Althea Leasure as well as Jimmy.

"We ought to stop in here at the airport newsstand a minute," Jimmy says. "Then we got to get right in and attend the editorial meeting. Larry wants you to see it."

"Great."

At the newsstand Jimmy turns on the old country charm.

"How's it going, darling?" he says to the woman behind the counter. "*Hustler* selling well?"

"Yes, it is," the woman drawls. "It's doing fine . . . outselling *Playboy* and *Penthouse*."

Jimmy smiles and squeezes the woman's arm. She smiles like Olive Oil and goes back behind her cash register.

On the way out to the car, Jimmy is critical.

"That's a sloppy operation there. She's a good girl but just doesn't have the manpower to move *Hustler* like she could. Man, they sell out of there as fast as we can get 'em in. The damned distribution problems are terrific. We send in 90 a month, they sell out in two days, and then they can't get no more of 'em."

We throw my bags in a big, white Chrysler and pull out of the airport. On the way to Columbus, Jimmy tells me about his childhood in Kentucky.

"We weren't born with a silver spoon in our mouths. We were down in Lakeview, Kentucky, in the Appalachias, man, where there was nothing. We knew we had to get out of there or we didn't stand a chance. I was at the Hazel Green School, this boarding school, my father was a pipe welder, but he hits the juice too much, and Ma was up in Dayton running a country and western club. Larry was gone off into the Navy on forged birth certificates at 14. I couldn't sit still for class. It didn't mean nothing. I remember the day I left there. The teacher told me I could go to the barn and get a beating with a rod, or I could leave school. I said, 'Hell, that ain't no choice at all!' I went home, packed my bags and started hitching for Dayton the same afternoon. I was up near Covington, Kentucky, coming into Cincy, when I got a ride with a man named Joe Jet. He was a nice guy at first, but then a bulletin comes over the radio that says they are hunting for him. He's an escaped con! We started going about a hundred miles an hour then, and when we got up near Warren County, a cop starts in chasing us, and, man, we was going around curves and everything, and we slammed into a ditch, and I bashed my head on the windshield, and this huge welt comes up right up here, above my eye. They caught him but let me go, 'cause I was just a kid. I don't ever go back down there now if I don't have to."

"What happened to your father?"

"Dad? He works in the mailroom now, along with our stepmother. They open mail and love it. *Hustler* is really a family success story."

Home Is Where the Pink Is!

From the outside, on Gay Street, the *Hustler* building is a seedy-looking dump, the exact kind of place one would imagine a hard-core sex factory to operate from. The building, ugly grey stone, is situated next to an alley, and the *Hustler* sign, which hangs over the street, looks like any cheap, gaudy bar neon. As we go inside, Jimmy Flynt tells me this is all about to change.

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Just some of the Beautiful People who helped make us RADIO LONG ISLAND (#1). WBAB-FM/102.3 on your FM dial, the home of the Great Entertainers, wishes you peace and love in 1976 whether or not you're in our area. (If you weren't, perhaps we'll see you this year.)

"Larry's doing everything," he says. "He's going to blast the bricks. One side of the building is going to have a kind of 'Chicago look,' and on the other side we're adding wrought-iron balconies, to make it look like New Orleans."

I nod and wonder why it would be considered advantageous to have two different looks on what was going to be one office-club complex. Like Jimmy's strange clothing combinations, the building itself would become a kind of crazy quilt of incompatible styles, a palpable embodiment of the various forces that drive the Flynts: hippies, hillbillies, smut kings and capitalists. A strange pastiche of conflicting selves, and not a little unsettling.

The Editorial Meeting

On the walls of Larry Flynt's office are giant centerfolds of the *Hustler* Honeys. All of the girls have a country look, and many of them are staring down at their genitals with open-mouthed astonishment, as if they are seeing themselves naked for the first time. The ones who aren't staring at themselves are touching themselves and staring off into a far horizon. In their eyes is a mystical dreamy look, and though it's easy to put the photographs down as moronic, it is perhaps instructive to note that the looks in the women's eyes are the same magical mystery look that used to be on happy hippie love posters of the late Sixties. Sentimentality and simple-mindedness rule the roost in more places than *Hustler*.

Behind his massive oaken desk, Larry Flynt is sitting in an open-necked silken shirt. Around his neck he wears an ornament of some kind, a silver ornament that looks familiar to me but that, upon first entering, I cannot name. Directly behind Flynt is a poster that shows the ultimate *Hustler* Honey, a blonde space cadet who looks suspiciously like Barbarella; in her hand is a Luger and under her right leather, knee-length boot is a squashed *Penthouse* turtle. Beneath her long, muscular left leg is a murdered rabbit; there are blood stains on the *Playboy* Bunny's stomach and its eyes are crossed in surprised pain. In front of the desk, sitting on couches, is the *Hustler* staff. Flynt introduces me to Bobby Flora, the art director, a young man of 22 with a neatly blow-dried shag and a reindeer sweater. Next to Bobby is a middle-aged bearded man named Jim Grady, the cartoon and humor editor. Beside Grady is Steve Hanley, a recently signed on associate editor; Jack Sharp, the *Hustler* ad director; John Hegenberger, another associate editor; and Althea Leasure, who holds the grand title of associate publisher and executive editor. All of these people shake hands with me and then give their complete devotion to Flynt, who begins with this speech:

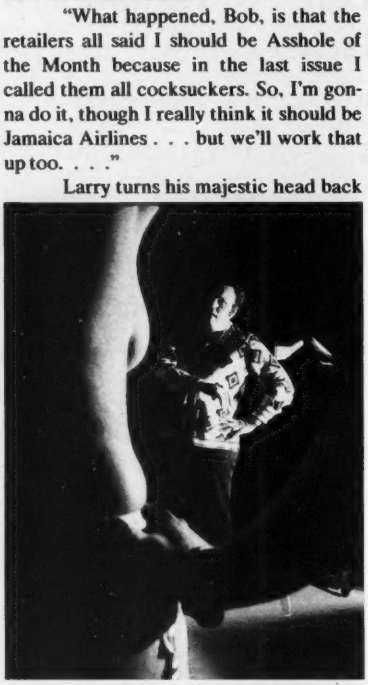
"Bobby, you know I'm going to be Asshole of the Month. . . ."

Bobby Flora nods and swallows a bit. He looks nervous.

L.F. turns to me and turns on his slow sidewinder's smile.

"What happened, Bob, is that the retailers all said I should be Asshole of the Month because in the last issue I called them all cocksuckers. So, I'm gonna do it, though I really think it should be Jamaica Airlines . . . but we'll work that up too. . . ."

Larry turns his majestic head back



Flynt is high on European photographers: "I'm going first class."

to Bobby Flora. It occurs to me that when Flynt moves his head, he rarely moves anything else, so one has a sense of almost Romanesque grandeur, as if the king must not weary himself with excessive movement. The only thing lacking in Flynt's Roman motif is muscle or bone structure in his face. While his profile is suitably striking, a full view of his face reveals him to look more like a baked potato with red hair on the top than an ancient emperor. Still, an impressive sight, this slow, grave rotation.

"Now for the cartoons," says L.F. "Has everybody seen this cartoon?"

Larry hands a cartoon around the room. Each editor looks at it and nods.

The cartoon is a picture of Bob Guccione cast as a nudie photographer. In front of him is a pair of open legs, and next to the legs is a whole case of Vaseline petroleum jelly. Gucco's face shows astonishment as a blonde, strongly resembling Kathy Keeton (the Big Gucco's real life "Living Associate"), comes to the door.

"What we need is a cut line on this cartoon," Flynt says. "Something funny!"

Althea starts to say that she doesn't think the artwork is really "first rate," but Larry Flynt is adamant.

"I said I'm satisfied with the artwork, so there's no point in saying anything about that. Now I want a funny cut line. Can anyone think of one?"

Steve Hanley speaks up:

"Ah . . . how about 'Still using that greasy kid stuff'?"

Everyone gives a small, tentative laugh. They are waiting to see if the Boss laughs. Larry nods the head but does not stretch the mouth.

"Well, that's pretty funny," he says, in the tone of a gravedigger. "But I've seen it someplace before."

Althea chirps up: "How about having Kathy say, 'If you're good enough for Bob, you're good enough for me.'?"

Everyone laughs at that one. (When the Boss's girl makes a joke, everyone laughs.)

"That's pretty good. Yeah . . . but we better think about it. Jimm, see if you can come up with something."

From the doorway, Jimmy Flynt pops in:

"Say Larry, did Linda Lovelace call you up yet?"

"Yes, she did," says Larry, pursing his lips a little in displeasure. "She said she would not fly all the way out here for an interview. So I told her agent the hell with it, and he said, 'Well, do you want some pictures of her anyway? I could send you some,' and I told him, 'No, I already got pictures of her,' and he said, 'Which ones,' and I said, 'The one where she's fucking the dog, and that's the one we're going to run.' "

Larry looks at me and smiles. Machiavelli of the porn kingdom. Step on the Godfather of Smut with your fancy Hollywood ways, and you end up underneath a giant King Husky!

The editorial meeting goes on and is uneventful. Larry hands me a pile of letters just recently delivered to *Hustler*. Like many people, I've always naively assumed (and hoped) that the skin mags make up their letters. Unfortunately, this is not so. The first letter I look at is written on a piece of torn, yellow legal paper. The correspondent pays no heed to such things as keeping each sentence on a single plane. Rather the words run up and down the page with reckless and desperate abandon. The first half of the letter is a celebration of Butch Williams' 14-inch cock; the second half is in the

form of a request. Could *Hustler* please induce Butch Williams to part with a piece of his underwear, which would provide the reader with great "smell thrills"? I open another letter, which is addressed to Larry Flynt himself. The writing in letter two is nearly as bad as in the first, and the message is just as bizarre. The writer claims that Larry Flynt is the only man in the world honest enough to run for president,"because Larry Flynt tells it like it is."

Suspicious that Flynt is feeding me the more "baroque" letters, I request that I be able to look through a group at random. Larry agrees, and soon I am seated outside in an office with a huge stack of letters, all of which have come in just this morning. In a few minutes I am trapped inside a whirlpool of lust, yearning and mindlessness that seems bottomless: endless letters from soldiers describing what they would like to do to a certain *Hustler* Honey. Letters from housewives in Kansas saying what they would like to do with Butch Williams; a letter from a man who begs *Hustler* to show women nude, with their legs open, smoking cigarettes! A letter from a man who claims to be in his late 60s but "hung like a horse"; he wants to "get in touch with a certain *Hustler* girl named Donna." And letters from several men asking Larry to set them up with Althea Leasure. After a half hour of reading these letters, I become groggy. At first they had been amusing, then depressing, and finally one had no reaction at all. I am amazed how quickly my feelings have become blunted. In 40 minutes I am no longer astonished by any of it. Not even a letter from a man demanding that *Hustler* show nude women "doing housework," "show them nude making beds, cleaning filthy ovens" has much effect on me. I put the pile aside and think that I have really learned my first lesson. That is, after entering into the world of skin shocks, all moral and social distinctions tend to blur.

High hype in the mail room: Many order sex herbs, but Flynt says they're useless.

The Cartoon Session

Jimm Grady and Larry Flynt are sitting side by side in Flynt's office. They are going over the cartoons that have come in for *Hustler.* Flynt considers the cartoons one of the most important features in *Hustler,* perhaps as important as the *Hustler* Honeys. In the language of a layman, *Hustler*'s cartoons are "gross." By design, they are at the opposite end of the cartoon spectrum from, say, *The New Yorker.* Where a *New Yorker* cartoon makes one smile and gives one the "shock of recognition" (real life problems of upper-middle-class people recognized and skillfully parodied), *Hustler* cartoons make one hold one's hand to one's head and say, "Oh my God." Even though the intent is lowbrow, there is nonetheless a recognizable aesthetic at work. Where *The New Yorker* might say,"Elegance needs no defense," *Hustler* might counter with a parody of Wallace Stevens, "Grossness is all."

"Do you get a lot of free-lance stuff?" I ask Grady.

"You wouldn't believe it," he says. "We can't get them to hit hard enough. There's always too much restraint used . . . they just won't be *really* gross."

Flynt picks up a cartoon and smiles.

"Lord," he says, pushing out his breath. "Where in the hell did you get this? It's unbelievable."

Grady smiles and leans over toward Larry.

"It's a beauty isn't it. That's the one I'm most happy about. It's terrifically drawn, too. It's almost a *woodcut."*

"Yeah," says Flynt. "But it could get us in big trouble. I mean if those Southern bigots ever haul us into court and we have something like this in the magazine . . . they'd never let up on us. We can get away with the open pussy shots, but they'd pass right by those and fry us if they saw this."

Grady shakes his head and rubs his hand over his goatee. "Aww, come on. I want to fight for this one. I mean this one really does it." Flynt hands the cartoon across the room to me. "What do you think, Bob?"

I look at the cartoon in disbelief. Pictured is the Crucifixion. We see Jesus' body from the waist down. His penis is hanging out of his loin cloth, and around the head of his cock is a crown of thorns. Beneath him, two Roman soldiers are staring at his member and saying, "He may rise again, but that thing sure won't."

"Well?" says Larry.

"Christ," I say. "Are you gonna print this?"

Jimm Grady slaps his fist into his open palm. "We have to, Larry! That's hard-edged. That's the kind of thing our readers want."

The Phone Call

Flynt and I are sitting in his office going over some sales statistics. While Flynt likes to talk about anything concerning the magazine, his favorite topic of conversation, one that he returns to again and again with monotonous regularity, is the way he is cutting into *Playboy* and *Penthouse*'s markets.

I am nodding my head but not really hearing. Rather, I am entranced by the silver medallion that I had seen the first day but could not recognize.

"Larry," I say, "that, ah . . . thing you are wearing. It looks like a . . ."

"A cunt!" Larry says. "I make them nervous with that. A little old woman cashier in the Hilton started fondling it and saying how pretty it was. 'What is it, young man?' she said. I said, 'That's a cunt, lady.' You should have seen her jump!"

As Larry begins to laugh, the phone rings. "Hello," he says. "Yes . . . oh yes, how are you? Tonight? Dinner? Well, sure, I'd like to have dinner with you tonight, but you see there is this reporter here from *New Times* magazine. He will be with me tonight, and if you don't mind him coming along, then fine . . . what? . . . wait, I'll ask him."

Flynt puts his hand over the receiver and addresses me: "There's a man on the phone who wants to see me tonight. He's going to be on the board of directors I'm setting up. But he's got very close ties to the legal and social establishment of Columbus, and he wouldn't want any publicity. Can our meeting be off the record?"

"All right," I say. I figure I'll get something out of it, even if I can't use the guy's name.

Larry goes back to the conversation:

"Yeah, it's all right. He says he won't use your name, and I'm sure you can trust him. What? You'd rather not? Well, I'll be tied up all week. Call me next week and we'll have dinner then. Right. Goodbye."

Flynt puts down the phone, gets up and stretches his leisure suit.

"See. I'm setting up this board of directors. I can't have all sexual fiends on it. I've got to have some good legal and business minds, and unfortunately most of those kinds of people are conservative. Bunch of goddamned hypocrites. They want a piece of action in a winner like *Hustler*, but they don't want anyone to know about it. That's the whole fucking problem with this country. It's like what I was talking about the other night. It's repression. They are just a bunch of whores, like everybody else."

Lunch with the Major-domo

Around a big circular table in the back of an old Columbus hotel sit Larry and Althea, Lee Henry (a well-known Columbus restaurateur), a P.R. man with a local restaurant newsletter, an architect named Bill (who is looking for Flynt to give him some work) and myself. The architect is trying to get a few words in edgewise but for the most part is being snowballed by Larry, who wants to tell me about his own sex life.

"Well," says Bill, tossing his head around like a spring doll in the back of an automobile, "I had a dinner date with Joey Heatherton. Just a dinner date. That's all."

"Too bad," says Larry. "I ball most of the girls who come in to model for the magazine. I get them in the office and I ask them if they want to model and if they have any inhibitions, and then they say no, and I take out my Polaroid camera and tell them I'll have to take a few test shots, and they take off their pants and I just start posing them, and pretty soon I say, 'You're getting pretty horny aren't you, honey?' and I can see they are, and then I just lock the door and pile on!"

Bill makes this odd little clucking noise in his throat. Could it be that he's just a bit repulsed by this grisly story of mutual corruption? If so, he gets himself under control. He wants to finish his story.

"Well, that sounds like fun. Haha. I wish I coulda done that with Joey. But, you know . . . it was strictly business."

"Bob," says Larry, totally ignoring Bill, "I'll tell you. I am dead serious about repression. Now you take me. The key to my success was reading Napoleon Hill's *How To Make a Million*. The most profound book I ever read. I got to this part where it was called 'Why Men Are Seldom Successful Before Forty,' and lights went off in my head. In there Hill says that all great men have a huge sex drive. George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. But they learned to channel

"You know what I would really like, and plan on having?" asks Althea. "Two female slaves"

their sexual drive into their work. Well, that really hit me, because when I owned the Hustler Club all I did was structure my work around all the pussy I was getting. I would ball so many girls that I would have to ask Althea, when a girl came into the club, 'Say, have I balled her yet?' And Althea would tell me. Anyway, when I read Napoleon Hill, I realized that if I channeled myself into my work 50 percent and my balling 50 percent, then I would be a success. I mean with *Hustler* there is plenty of pussy, but it is not like the bar business. Besides, having come from Kentucky, and being dirt poor, I went though a stage when I had to have the finer things. But now that I'm 33 I'm beyond that. I understand why I had to have them things . . . . Hell, in Kentucky I remember sitting on a bridge looking down at the water. I wore Anvil Brand overalls, polo shirts and I had holes in my shoes. And my mother had started crying because she was so sorry to see me have to go out in the snow without shoes to school. And I thought right then, 'I'm going to get rich someday and then my mother won't have to cry no more about me not having good shoes.' Anyway, I was in the Navy at 14 and got sent overseas to Italy. Then they found out I was under age, and they threw me out, so I forged some more birth certificates and joined the Army. And after I got out of there, when I was 18, I got married. Man, I was bankrupt once and married twice before I was even 21. I even worked in a mattress factory. Then I started my tavern business. The first one was Larry's Hangover Haven. I met every con man in the world. If we didn't have two or three good fights every Saturday night we didn't consider ourselves a success. From there I got some other clubs, like Larry's Hillbilly Heaven. All in all, I've owned over 40 clubs. *Hustler* started off as a house organ in one of the clubs. Two pages . . . just to tell you which girls was appearing in which clubs, stuff like that . . . but it wasn't until I read Napoleon Hill that I learned to channel my sex life."

"And I'm sure your good woman had something to do with that, Larry," says the P.R. man.

"Yes," says Larry. "Althea has been a great help to me. But that don't mean she's the only pussy I want. I don't mean to say I've settled down yet. I mean, I took her out when she was a dancer in the clubs, and I balled her, and she started hanging onto me, you know . . . and. . . ."

Althea, who has been talking with Lee Henry, stops and gets a look of mock indignation on her face.

"Larry," she says, "I did not hang onto you."

Larry smiles. "Now you know you did. I mean you liked it, didn't you?"

Althea rolls her eyes and changes her look to mock guilty.

"Anyway," says Larry. "I told her right then and there that no one pussy, even if it was lined with gold, was going to be enough for me!"

"Satin's not good enough for you?" Althea says.

Next to me, Bill is making that odd clucking noise. He is turning pale. The P.R. man is smiling this big puppet's smile, as if he is just hanging on every word, but his eyelashes are going up and down like windshield wipers in a shit blizzard.

"What if Althea wants to sleep with someone else?" I ask Larry. "Could you handle that?"

Larry smiles and looks super sincere.

"If she wanted to, it would be all right with me. But she don't have them kind of desires. She's not like that."

"Not with men anyway," Althea smiles. "If I'm going to sleep around, I'd rather make it with women."

"Are you serious?" I say.

Althea happily nods her head.

"I like any kind of sex, but I really

prefer women."

Bill's clucking takes on the sound of the whole henhouse. The P.R. man's eyes go all hazy, and even dapper Lee Henry looks a bit ruffled.

I look for some reaction from Larry, but he is merely laughing and shaking his big belly. He reaches over and gives Althea a tender, loving squeeze.

The Mail Order Game

"This here is the Fulfillment Room," Larry says. "We started off the mail order business first because we knew we'd have trouble with advertisers. We wanted *Hustler* to be totally self-sufficient, so we sell our line of Leasure Time Products. It brings in an amazing amount of money."

We walk through the long, ugly mail order room. About 15 long-haired teenaged boys are packing away posters and cardboard boxes filled with what Flynt calls Fulfillment Items.

"What the hell is all this stuff?" I ask.

Flynt smiles, opens a cupboard and pulls out a couple of plastic bags filled with stuff that looks like marijuana. One package is called Volupte, the other Fiord.

"This here is just a bunch of useless herbs," Flynt says. "We advertise it in *Hustler* and people buy the crap. It's unbelievable. I guess they put it in with their grass, or maybe the dealers cut their grass with it. I don't know."

I look the stuff over: ginseng herb, which can be bought at any health food store, and a couple of other herbs, probably oregano. Price: $4.95.

"Don't you advertise that people can get high smoking this stuff?" I ask.

"Not exactly," says Flynt. He gets a copy of *Hustler* and shows me the ad.

It reads: "2 Brand New Ancient Ideas For Lovers. Sensuous Exciting herbal blends that you smoke like marijuana, or mix with your stash. Volupte is a secret mixture of herbs used as aphrodisiacs for centuries, including ginseng root from China, plus damiana, verbascum, flowers and more. Fiord contains African yohimbe bark, one of the most powerful sex herbs ever discovered, said to even have caused spontaneous erections. Fiord sells for $4.95. Volupte sells for $5.95."

"You wouldn't kid folks, Larry, would you?" I say. Flynt smiles and looks in the cabinet for some other goodies. "No, sir," he says. "I wouldn't want to lie to Archie Bunker. See, I know what he wants. He likes this stuff because it's exotic. Here is something you might like to take back to your girl." Flynt hands me a huge rubber penis with a giant head at either end.

"That's the Double Dong," Flynt says. "You get two lesbians hanging on that thing . . . it's wild."

"You're kidding," I say.

"No. You mean you never seen that? You ought to come to one of our orgies. I was going to try and throw one for you, but it being Thanksgiving, I didn't know if we can get many of the girls together. You ought to come out to our big Christmas orgy though. We get about 30 girls together and about 15 guys. It's wild. Of course, you got to have 'screamers.' "

"Screamers?"

"You know, chicks that start screaming as soon as you put it in 'em. That's what gets everybody else turned on. Here's something else." Flynt hands me a rubber, flesh-tone object with hideous lips and ugly-looking hair. He also hands me a catalog describing what is in my hands. "ARTIFICIAL VAGINA FOR YOUR LOVE! (rubber type with hair implanted on the outside) will provide hours of stimulating pleasure. These artificial vaginas can be of aid when normal penetration is not possible. Two models: personal size, Pocket Pal, #73 for home use and family size, #41, for couples."

I stare down at the artificial vagina. Behind it is a long plastic sack, presumably for one's penis. I feel a vague wave of nausea wash over me, and Flynt begins to laugh.

"Something for everyone," he says. He is enjoying my reaction. Suddenly, without warning, his mood changes and he chews out a boy who has failed to properly paste on labels.

I put down the Pocket Pal, and we make our way out of the Fulfillment Room.

Hometown Girls

Upstairs, Larry introduces me to an attractive girl named Chris Zwilling, who answers the phones for *Hustler*'s mail order service. I as'. her what kind of phone calls she gets.

"Weird ones. I'm used to it now. But the first few really shocked me. A lot of people call up and want you to describe the stuff to them and how to use it. Soon you realize that they are using you to get off sexually. Either that or they just start saying what they'd like to do with you."

"Does that bother you?"

"Not really, not anymore. I just tell them politely that I have work to do and hang up."

HS MAGAZINE is always mailed in plain sealed envelopes.

SHOCKING!

Most people go into a state of shock when they first open a copy of HS MAGAZINE. Then they go about halfway through, reading and looking at the pictures, and they have to put it down and try to get their breath back again. When they've rested up, they go through the rest of the magazine. Then they put it down and they don't know what to think. The next day they read it again and decide they like it. The day after that they decide it's GREAT! They show it to their friends. Then they have to sit there and listen while their friends yell and shout with laughter and point out things they particularly like. Soon, other friends come over, dozens of them. "We want to see THAT magazine," they say. Finally, some bastard steals their HS MAGAZINE. Then there's nothing left to do but order a new subscription from us. You might as well get started now. Be ready for a shock.

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The red button on the mail order phone lights up and Chris answers the phone. After she has taken the order, I ask her if Flynt has approached her about appearing in the magazine.

"Oh yes," she says. "I'm probably going to do it soon."

"Don't you feel any reservations about appearing in *Hustler*?"

"No. Why should I? Everyone around here has done it: Marie and Vicki and Cindy Spain—they've all appeared in it. And Jocelyn, down in the mail room. You get a nice trip— like Jocelyn just got back from Jamaica—and you get paid pretty well now, $750."

"But what about the women's liberation arguments? You know, that you're being exploited, that it's degrading."

Chris Zwilling shrugs her shoulders and smiles vacantly. "I just don't see it that way," she says.

Nor does Jocelyn of the mail room, who tells me that everyone treated her with great courtesy on her Jamaican trip, that she got to work with James Baes, one of the leading European photographers, and that she was put up at the home of Lyle Stuart, the New York publisher who made his millions with *The Sensuous Woman* and other sex fantasies.

"How about feeling exploited?" I ask her.

"No," she says. "I had a great trip. I wouldn't want to do it for anyone else though. I mean I like it here."

There is a simplicity about the women who work at *Hustler*; they are hometown girls, naive and provincial. One has the sense that for them, at this stage in their lives, the whole *Hustler* world seems romantic and exciting. What could be simpler? Just spread your legs and lie about and you are paid $750. It seems easy, harmless—after all, everyone else does it.

When I ask another girl if she has taken part in Flynt's orgies, she sheepishly admits she has. "But only once," she adds. "I was surprised that I wasn't uptight. It was a very exciting experience. And next time I go I'll get paid."

"Paid? How much?"

"Fifteen or twenty dollars. Whatever I want."

She stops, her face reddens and she looks nervous, even a bit fearful.

"Maybe I shouldn't have said that," she says.

"He pays you to go? Does he pay everybody?"

"I don't know," the girl says. She rubs her face nervously and swallows hard.

The Kahiki Room

Columbus' three best restaurants are all owned by Lee Henry, the man who had attended the lunchtime sexual confessions of Althea and Larry two days before. Flynt, Althea and I are eating a delicious Polynesian dinner and sipping something called a mystery drink from stone goblets. Around my neck is a pink plastic lei, and all around us fake lightning flashes and a sprinkler system shoots out a booming mechanical downpour.

"What about this payment thing?" I ask Flynt. "Do you have to pay everyone to go to these things?"

Flynt blinks his eyes and smiles a big, innocent smile. "I don't know what she could have meant," Flynt replies. "We pay the girls to deliver drinks or be waitresses but not to go to the orgies. I never tell people who to fuck."

Althea smiles, shakes her head and opens her Orphan Annie eyes. The pair are the absolute apogee of small-town innocence.

"I'd like to have writers for *Hustler* as good as. . . as. . . Hemingway. That's it. I need some pornographic Hemingways"

"Look, I'll tell you honest," Larry continues. "I don't have to pay people. Once they get into the spirit of things, they just *want* to screw. I recently went to a retailers' convention in Las Vegas. Now I took a whole bunch of girls with me. I never said to them, 'Screw so and so because he helps sell *Hustler*.' I didn't have to. I mean, I didn't take no squares with me, if you understand what I mean—but that's all part of good business. And like I say, the girls I take like to have fun."

"You don't think you are repressing them or exploiting them?"

"Repression?" Flynt looks aghast. "That's what I'm *against! Hustler* isn't like the repressive magazines. We'll print anything. We believe in getting hang-ups right out front."

"Well how about your Butch and Peaches spread?" I say. "Now a lot of people would say by publishing a black man with a huge cock like that you're merely trading on the oldest racist tale known. And by having him making it with a white woman you are appealing to the fears of white men. Not to mention the fact that the whole thing would be denounced as the fantasy of a male chauvinist pig."

Flynt smiles and sips his drink.

"Well, first of all, I knew that. I mean I figured it would be funny, and I figured it would outrage everybody. The whites, the blacks, the women—everybody. But that's why *Hustler* is so successful. We're irreverent and that's why people love us. As for the male chauvinist stuff, I am a male chauvinist; women are here to serve men. Look at them, they got to squat to piss. Hell, that proves it."

Althea laughs proudly. "Larry got the award as Male Chauvinist Pig of the Year at one place he worked," she says.

Larry squeezes Althea, and she puts her head on his big stomach.

"We been together four years and never even have arguments," Larry says.

Althea

In her office, Althea Leasure details her favorite jobs at *Hustler*.

"I came up with the idea for the Bits N Pieces part of the magazine," she says. "I came up with the 'Man Eating Shit' feature. I also came up with the 'Guillotined Cock' feature, also the 'Bit Off Nipple,' and stuff like that. Weird stuff. I get my ideas by going across the street to a novelty store and looking around. Like I'll see a little guillotine and I'll think, 'What if it was a guillotine for cocks. *Hustler* readers would like that.' People go for the shocking and the weird and the strange. You ever seen the 'Man Eating Shit'?"

"No," I say, "I don't believe I have."

Althea smiles and yells out, "Eric. Eric."

From next-door, a small, gnome-like-looking man comes meekly into the room.

"Eric," says Althea, "go get the slides of the 'Man Eating Shit' and the 'Guillotined Cock' and the 'Girl Catching the Man with the Fishing Line Up His Ass' and 'Bit Off Nipple.' Bring them in here please."

"Yes," says Eric. "Let's see . . . that's the 'Man Eating Shit' and the 'Bit Off Nipple' and what else?"

" 'The Fishing Rod Up the Guy's Ass,' " says Althea, getting a little cross.

Eric smiles weakly at me and disappears down the hall.

"You see," says Althea, "I know what turns men on. I know what turns women on. Women like the big stud and the 'force-fuck.' I think that's a big turn-on for women. I mean not rape, but the 'force-fuck.' A woman likes to know that

a man is willing to take the pussy no matter whether she's going to give it or not."

She stops and gets a glazed look in her eyes.

"You know what would turn me on, what I would really like and I plan on having? Two female slaves. I want them to dress in old Roman gowns, and I want to have their hair piled up on their heads like Greeks, and I want them to be my ladies-in-waiting. I mean my slaves. I'd treat them good. They could go shopping with me, and they could take baths with me, and they would be there to serve my guests and to take care of them sexually, but only if I told them so. And I wouldn't want them to sit around chewing gum and gossiping and watching television and that kind of stuff while I was gone. They would have to act like that all the time. I mean if they didn't, it would ruin the whole fantasy, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," I say, "I suppose it would. Tell me, what did you do before you got into this line?"

"Well, I was an orphan," she says. "I lived in a lot of orphanages all over Ohio. I ran away from most of them, they were so repressive. I was at the Soldiers and Navy Orphanage and I lived with my aunts. Say, what do you want to know stuff like that for anyway?" She is getting nervous, fidgeting with her T square.

Tony's Mistake

It is the day before Thanksgiving and Larry Flynt is looking over some new girlie photos that have been taken by a very hip-looking black photographer from New York named Tony. In the past, when *Hustler* was still struggling and Flynt was using free lancers a lot, he depended on Tony's work. In the December issue of *Hustler* alone, Tony shot the cover, the centerfold and another girlie spread called Donna-Sea Nymph. Now, however, though Tony doesn't yet know it, things have changed. *Hustler* is doing well, and Flynt is planning on using fewer American photographers. Instead, Larry wants to pick up on people like James Baes, the cameraman who is famous for his pictures in the French magazine *Lui*. For the past two days, Flynt has raved about what good artists the Europeans are. It's as though he has discovered the Cubists or the Surrealists. But these great artists have vastly different aims, such as shooting "great genital shots," getting "good color textures to the skin" and using "exciting, exotic backgrounds" and "original layouts," like those found in *French Schoolgirls Meet Dracula*.

While Tony, in a leather leisure suit, smokes a cigarette and paces the room, Flynt is hunched over the light table.

"You're gonna love these girls, Larry," says Tony. "These are Grade A girls."

I watch Tony prance about. Though he has been exuding confidence, personality and hipness ("Like I have put together this really totally unbelievable package, which I knew Larry and Althea would be stunned by"), it's obvious that the man is very nervous.

"You get rejections on these from *Oui* and from *Playboy* before I see 'em Tony?" Larry says.

Tony feigns horror and passes his long artistic fingers across his face.

"That's absolutely ridiculous," he says. "These are pictures taken strictly for *Hustler* magazine, Larry. I want you to know that."

Larry begins to shake his head. He sucks in his breath and gives out a little sigh.

"Tony, you take great ass shots. You know I love your ass shots. But this chick's ass is ugly. Bob," he says to me, "I want you to look at this chick's ass. Look closely and tell me what you see."

I lean over the loop, squint my eye and look down at a perfectly normal ass. (Having seen several thousand asses this week, I have no reaction at all. I have come to look at the human body as a mere piece of meat, and not a particularly interesting one at that.)

"Looks like a normal ass to me, Larry," I say.

"Look again, Bob. Look right in the ass."

I squint and look right in the ass. I see nothing unusual. "I see nothing unusual about this ass," I say.

"For Christ's sake," Larry says, grabbing the loop out of my hand. "Look again. This chick has got the *hemmies*, Tony! I can't believe you'd try and sell me a goddamned group of pictures with an ugly-looking whore like this whose *hemmies* are hanging out!"

Tony is sweating and looking like he'd like to crawl out of his leathers and fade away.

"Hemmies," he says. "I didn't notice any hemmies!"

Larry is pounding his hands on the counter.

"Not only does this whore have the hemmies," he says, "but her pussy isn't even opened up. You've got to get that pussy open, you hear, Tony? I mean you make it with these broads. Do it yourself."

"Honest to God," says Tony. "I never laid a hand on her. . . ."

"Well maybe—" says Larry, "maybe you should have. She's got to have an open pussy, Tony. I want that pussy opened up like a beautiful flower, you understand? The way it looks now is like a pile of cow shit a wagon wheel has rutted through!"

Tony is sweating. All his New York City hip, hustling Superfly cool is melting fast, fast away.

"Take a look at the other ones, Larry," Tony says. "I'm sorry about those, man. I mean, I didn't mean to break your chops, heh heh. . . ."

Larry looks at another group of photos.

"Not bad. This is a good-looking girl with a nice ass. How much you want for these?"

Tony manages to recoup a bit.

"For you, Larry, $1,500 for the whole package, and I'll pay the girl."

"I'll tell you what," says Larry. "I'll give you a thousand dollars for these pictures, Tony. I'll pay the girl myself. She gets $350 and another $400 if she doesn't appear in another magazine for six months."

Tony gulps and shakes his head.

"Larry," he says. "I mean, you're paying her a total of $750. I've already got expenses of $400. Which means I clear only $600. She makes more than me . . . and I worked and broke my chops to put this package together. That's not right, Larry."

Larry gets up from the viewing table and walks over to Althea's desk. He picks up a copy of *Lui*, and opens to the centerfold.

"You see this?" he says. "You see this? Can you take pictures like this, with these colors that just jump off the page? Can you get locations like this? Can you make the water on the broad's stomach stand out like that?"

Tony is shell-shocked. Here he is, the leading man for *Hustler* magazine, a man with three covers and even Donna-Sea Nymph to his credit, and he is being treated like a swine.

"I could, Larry," he murmurs, "if I had the money."

"Tony," Larry says, "I'm using Michelle Moreau and Dominique from Switzerland and James Baes. All these people are bankrolled. They go wherever they want, and if I ask them to shoot something again, they do it 40 times until we both got what I want. You take your pictures in some broad's apartment on her couch, Tony. *Hustler* is going first class now. That stuff was all right before, Tony, but it's out now, over and out!"

Tony starts to speak, but words fail him and he slumps down on the table.

At the door, a little photographer's agent named Nat shows up. He has an

overbite that makes him look like a ferret.

"Hello, Larry," he says. "Wait till you see what I brought you from France."

Tony looks as though he wants to leap out of the window. Larry spreads out Nat's hundreds of girlie slides on the viewing table. In a few minutes Larry is whistling and commenting on the "great pink" shots. Nat is smiling and shaking his head, and Tony is standing around, all loose, uncoiled, as if a tense wire spring inside him has snapped, leaving him a formless mass of bad nerves.

"Man," he says. "Everywhere I go I get my head beat in."

Larry's Big Problem

Larry Flynt and I are sitting in the basement of the Wine Cellar, a classy backdrop that conflicts with Larry's crude, hilljack persona. Right now Larry is a bit down in the dumps.

"I know *Hustler*'s writing stinks," he says. "I wish I personally knew more about writers. Say, you're a writer, Bob. Who's the greatest writer of the century?"

"James Joyce," I say. "But you can't buy him for *Hustler*. He's dead."

"Hmm," Larry says. "Did he ever win a Pulitzer Prize?"

"No," I say, oddly touched by his massive ignorance. "He was too good to get a Pulitzer."

"Well, hell, did he ever have a best seller?"

"Not exactly."

Larry shakes his head and shoves his fork in the air.

"Well, I don't get it! I mean why even write a book if it ain't going to be a best seller? I wish I had some good writers," he says. "I'd like to have writers for *Hustler* as good as . . . as . . . Hemingway."

"But then your readers might be turned off," I suggest.

Larry nods. "Yeah, that is a problem. What I need are some writers as good as Hemingway who specialize in pornography. That's it. I need some pornographic Hemingways!"

Thanksgiving Day

Althea and Larry and I are driving out of Columbus on the Interstate to Althea's sister's house for the Thanksgiving feast. Larry is telling me about his marriages.

"I've had four wives and five kids," he says. "I really miss those kids. Next year I'm going to buy the old governor's mansion and move in there and get the kids. Then Althea will gradually leave the magazine and take care of the kids. I really want the kids now. I don't approve of the way their mothers are raising them."

"Won't the judge hit you with some kind of rap like 'A smut king shouldn't be allowed to raise kids'?" I ask.

Larry laughs and shakes his head. "No, you don't understand. I'm not going through the courts. I'm just going to each of the mothers and making them an offer."

"You're going to *buy* your kids from their mothers?"

"Well, I'm not going to put it that way," Larry Flynt says, "but that's what it comes down to. Every woman has her price."

"How much do you think it will cost you?" I ask.

"Oh maybe continued support payments for the rest of their lives."

"That will be astronomical, won't it?"

Flynt again shakes his head.

"No. I only give about $25 a kid now. Of course I spend a lot more. I buy all their clothes and stuff like that. But I only have to legally pay $25 a week per kid."

"How can that be?" I ask, astonished. "I mean you say you are going to make $6 million on *Hustler* this year, and you've projected your profits for next year at $20 million, so how come you pay so little child support?"

Flynt pulls the car into a working-class neighborhood, turns a corner and stops in front of an old white, wood-frame house.

"Well," he says, "it works like this. In Ohio there is this wonderful law which bases a man's support payments on his salary, not his holdings. Now, as it says right in *Hustler*'s publisher's statement, I draw a salary of only $200 a week, so I pay support based on that and not on all my holdings."

"I see," I say. "And you also tell the working people who buy *Hustler* that you have a $200-a-week salary just like them. So that makes them identify with you."

Flynt chuckles, and we get out of the car and walk up to the house. Althea's brother-in-law and sister answer the door. They are sitting in their living room watching a football game.

"Welcome, Larry," says the man. "You all want a beer?"

We say we do and sit down on the couch. It's a small place, and the dinner is going to be served in the kitchen.

"You know," Larry says to me, "Althea was raised in a Soldiers Orphanage. She never had nothing as a kid. I mean, I really want to get my kids so they can have all the advantages. I want to take them to ball games, let them be kids. I don't think kids should be punished for what adults do, which is fuck up the world."

"I like you," he says. "You're a hip guy. I'm kind of hippie myself, you know. Half hippie and half hick. I call myself a hickey."

I smile and shake my head. It's a corny term but somehow adequate. Some more relatives show up, good old boys who work at a construction site. One of them starts telling Larry how he "took a couple copies of *Hustler* up to the site, and you shoulda seen the guys."

"Yeah, well wait till you see what's coming up," Larry says. "We're offering Jackie Onassis a million dollars to appear on *The Tonight Show* with me."

The relative doesn't seem astonished.

"Think she'll take it?" he says.

"I don't know," Larry says. "She might not, but then again, you can never tell. She's just like everybody else. There ain't much people won't do for money."

"That's true, for sure," the man says.

"Amen," says Althea, winking and laughing. "Now let's all get out here at the table. You men can eat first, but make it quick 'cause I'm hungry."

We trudge through the house and sit at the table. Larry looks at me and smiles, then glares around the table and starts laughing. "Althea," he says, "you say grace."

Althea smiles and winks again and makes her hands into a little chapel: "God is great/God is good/Let us thank Him/For this food/Now let's eat!"

Her voice is little, childlike, and sends a chill down my back.

"Great job, baby," Larry Flynt says. "We all got a lot to be thankful for. Now let's dig into this good country cooking!"

He gives a big down-home grin to his relatives, who stare at him with open awe. These are his people, the poor, the wiped out, the hopeless, the ones he knows so very well. Without another word, he grabs the plate of sweet potatoes and starts helping himself. ●

On December 18, the day after this story went to the typesetter, Larry Flynt was indicted in Cincinnati on charges of bribery and sodomy. Along with Flynt, Cincinnati Police Chief Carl Goodin and six vice-squad officers were indicted on charges that included bribery, extortion and perjury. Ward spoke with Flynt by phone the next day. His comment: "It's just harassment. They probably are gonna say I was giving presents and money to the police. Which is, of course, not true. You know I'm not the kinda guy who would do anything like that."

Music

Not-so-simple Simon

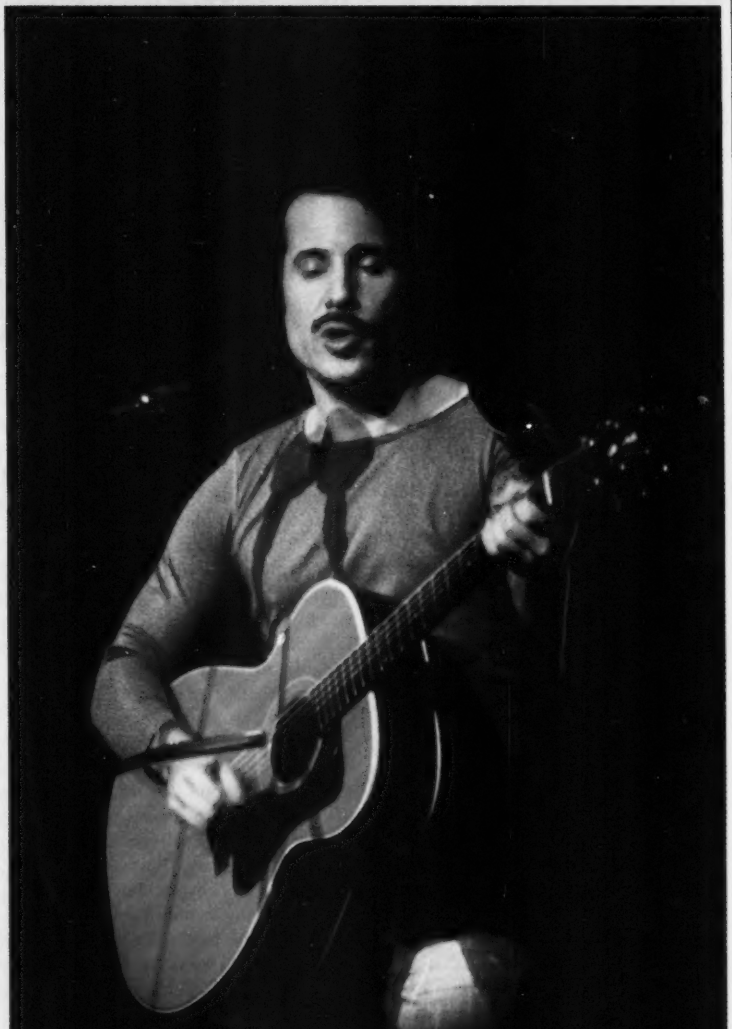
By Janet Maslin

Paul Simon sits in his meticulous, placid Central Park West duplex—with its impressive collection of modern art, high ceilings, spectacular view and (unobtrusively, off in one corner) autographed picture of Cesar Chavez—as he explains that, appearances notwithstanding, the title of his latest and finest album, *Still Crazy After All These Years*, was meant "deadly seriously. All the reviews seemed to treat it as if I meant it ironically or it was inadvertently ironic. Well, of course I use the term *crazy* rather loosely. I don't mean psychotic crazy. But I mean. . .I still haven't figured out the things that plague me. I worked on it, but I still haven't figured out why I do what I do.

"One thing that got me with some of the reviews is where they said—so many of them!—that it was quite clear that if there was one thing I wasn't, it was crazy. That I have this clear view, I'm always under control, always able to analyze the emotions—well, that's perfectly true. Nevertheless, I don't *understand* any of it. I just have a certain ability to step aside and look at painful situations, talk about them as if they weren't painful. It would be as if I were holding a conversation with you while at the same time I had a terrible headache. I never actually said anything to you about the headache, just functioned throughout the conversation. But in my mind, I'd always be dealing with the fact that my head hurt. That's what I feel like when I write these songs.

"And I think part of the reason some of the stuff has been described as 'cold' or 'chilly' or, in its extreme form, 'lifeless,' is because I'm talking about things that are. . . *really quite painful.* But I'm talking about them in a relatively dispassionate way. The opposite would be the Lennon 'Mother' album, where he's screaming. I'm not a screamer, it's not in my nature to scream about things. Volume embarrasses me. But nevertheless, I *have* a headache. It's always there."

Simon accepts the fact that he and his headache will forever rub certain people the wrong way, thanks to his unapologetic concern with the very white, middle-class *New York Review of Books* existence that some pop music devotees are intent on getting away from. Accordingly, an almost irrationally dismissive *Rolling Stone* review of *Still Crazy* branded Simon a "middleweight," carping that his songs were set in "a closed off society where class and proper emotional manners are rated more favorably than quixotic clownishness and primal risk taking." And one interviewer recently showed up at Simon's coolly elegant midtown office (where the fireplace mantel is just long enough to hold the eight Grammies), engaged in what Simon took to be a very pleasant conversation, then went home to sharpen his knives. "In the



Still crazy: Paul Simon's no screamer, but he's still trying to figure things out.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AARON

piece," Simon recalls, "he said, 'Before I went to meet him, everybody I knew said that I wouldn't like him.' So I'm reading this, and—I'm a person, right? I'm thinking, 'Who? *Who?* Who was it who *said* that? *Who doesn't like me?*' " Simon knows he shouldn't even read such things, but he does and they get to him—so much so that he's lately taken to defending the album and, even less characteristically, defending himself. On this particular afternoon, despite the fact that "all the people I respect used to say don't ever do this," he even feels like explaining his new songs.

So he stands patiently by the turntable, counting out the beats—"*One*, two, three, four, five, six, seven. *One*, two, three . . ."—to "Have a Good Time." This is a particularly interesting number, and not just because Simon originally wrote it for *Shampoo*. (Paul's ex-friend Warren Beatty didn't use it because "he was crazy, he thought it was too black.") Half of the tune happens to be in 7/4 time, a common jazz time signature that's quite unusual for popular music; the Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" is one of the only other pop songs that uses it. But it sounds perfectly natural here; if you didn't have Paul Simon to stand by and count it out, you might not even notice the peculiarity. You wouldn't notice the 7/4 in "Night Game," either. And you would certainly never realize that six of the album's ten songs use every note in the chromatic scale, within an octave—nothing you *should* notice if it's skillfully done (as it has been), just a little game Simon tried to play with himself this time, a game designed to make his already haunting melodies even fuller. Though in the past he would compose relatively spontaneously, Simon deliberately gave himself a set of rules this time, with an eye to increasing his options by honing his craft. Each song had a specific purpose—he can describe each one in terms of "the problem to be solved"—and economy was always of the essence. He wanted to use as few words as possible and to make melody lines as long as he could. Throughout, he held to the notion that "you *must* work within a tight discipline. The narrower you limit yourself, the more rich the work will be. In the past I've written nice melodies, just because I happen to have a sense of melody, but I didn't do it with any pattern. And now. . . I have a *control* over it. And I think this is . . . an enormous step. Before, it was like throwing darts up against a wall.

"I feel that I have a clear picture of what I did with this album, and I keep *waiting* for someone to say it. But no one has. I see now that no one is going to, and you can't get up and say it yourself." Not for publication, anyway; Simon's forthrightness and clear sense of his own abilities have a way of coming across like arrogance in print. But his reservations about the general state of pop music are nothing if not realistic: "It's amazing to me that with so much of the music that comes out, nobody ever says, 'Well for Christ's sake, another single with steel guitar in it? What the hell *for*, man?' Don't they *ever* want to get off and do something different? Doesn't anybody want to venture anywhere other than 'Island Girl'? I mean, that's well and good, but that is *it* in its entirety today." Given such a state of affairs, *Still Crazy*'s expertise and musical sophistication are rivaled only by Randy Newman; not even Simon's previous work has this kind of polish. *He* knows that, though he's wary about saying so; the best he can hope is that his audience knows it too.

Simon's following is an unusual one: older and more sedate than concert crowds tend to be, eager to hear someone mine that urban, middle-class mother lode that Simon unaccountably has all to himself. "Me, I am what I am, needless to say," he points out. "It shouldn't be held against me that I'm white, middle-class—that's bullshit, man. The white middle class should stop whippin' itself. Doesn't matter where you stand. It's what you do, what you say, what you feel. So the fact that I'm college-educated and tend to look at things analytically, you know, because that's the culture I come out of—that's a valid approach, it's certainly as valid as what the Eagles do when they express what it's like to live in Topanga Canyon. I would never say that by dint of the fact that they live there they have no right to make an album. I might say, 'I'm not interested in Topanga Canyon, but as far as Topanga Canyon music goes, they appear to be the best'—if somebody said that about me, I would feel that that was perfectly logical. 'I don't want to hear about New York City, upper-middle-class, intellectual pretensions and problems, it's just not interesting to me'—fine. That's fine. In a lot of ways it's boring to me, too, but it happens to be where I'm living.

"There was a lot of pressure *not* to be Simon and Garfunkel. When you think about it now, the name is so familiar that it might not strike you that way. But when we started out, people. . . laughed at us. They laughed at that name because—well, for the very reason that Ringo Starr became Ringo Starr. Garfunkel was a very, very funny name to a lot of people. When we first went out and tried to perform, before we had hits, people thought we were a comedy act. We used to have a lot of trouble performing because people would say, 'Where's the jokes?'

"So either you change your name and your identity and your background, or you keep it and deal with it. I chose not to change it, because I resented that anybody put pressure on me to do it. It's an odd logic—I'm not going to say I'm proud to come from Queens. I do not feel any pride in that. But neither do I feel any shame about it—that is where I grew up. It was fine for me when I grew up. And if it turns out that, by the folklore of the Sixties and Seventies, it would have been much better for me to come from, ah, Baton Rouge, that fact alone was not going to make me lie about it. Even though I understand what the fashion was and I was attracted to the same things everyone else was.

"I feel the same way about my voice—my voice is not my favorite voice. It's not my choice of voice for singing these songs. I don't like my voice on a lot of stuff—but it's a given, you gotta *carry* that, that's all.

"I even feel that way about my *looks*, you know? I don't *look* like what everybody looks like in popular music. Almost the opposite—there's hardly anybody who's short and looks like me. It's all kind of *long* and *skinny* and. . . there's another look, you know? *I'm* aware of that—I travel around to airports, I can always see the rock groups, I know what rock groups look like, I can spot them. I *know* what looks good on the cover of *Time* magazine. I understand very well the subtleties of this game. But that's it! This is my looks, I didn't pick it but I'm carryin' it. This is it, and I'm gonna stand there *militantly* against anybody that wants to pressure me into not bein' this.

"So I *wasn't* a part of the hippie movement of the Sixties. I thought it was bullshit—costumes and smiles and all of that stuff. I was as stoned as anybody was, for years and years, all the time. Every day. I was completely in a drug world up until like five years ago. But I never joined the hippie thing because it *existed*, because you had to conform to that thing in order to be part of it. And so, as regards the hippie

"Any woman who has a great deal to offer the world is in trouble."
Hazel Scott on Hazel Scott, in **Ms.** Magazine.

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Flo Kennedy talks 'verbal karate,' in **Ms.**

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Marie Ratagick tells the truth about welfare, in **Ms.**

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Anselma Dell' Olio talks about the sexual revolution, in **Ms.**

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movement and everything that happened in San Francisco, there was a lot of antagonism toward Simon and Garfunkel from that sector of the country. It was like *we* were establishment and *they* were counterculture. Well, in my mind I was always an odd guy. I was never establishment. And I would be *fucked* if I was going to join the counterculture establishment too and be part of *that* scene. So I didn't join any of it—I just sort of stood around without any place to go, feeling I'd rather just stand here in my own line—which happened to consist of just one person: me—than stand on somebody else's.

"When I was 14 years old, maybe 16, and my idol was Elvis Presley, as was everybody's idol, I can remember consciously thinking to myself: 'But you can never *be* Elvis Presley. 'Cause you don't *have* what Elvis Presley has. So there's no reason for you to ever compete with Elvis Presley. *You can* take what you have and develop that, whatever it is.' "

Paul Simon's affairs are in a state of relative flux right now, though he's hardly in danger of losing that self-possessed edge or his outward calm. He's thinking about giving up live performances for good; his November tour (on which he was "prepared to lose like $1,000 a night out of my own pocket, just to do the show that I wanted, although it turns out I'm gonna break even") may turn out to have been his last. And he's worrying, a little more than he used to, about the ostensible disparity between his age, which is 34, and his calling. "I can't say I'm comfortable about getting older, particularly in the field that I'm in, which is so tremendously youth-oriented that I always have this sense that I'm getting to the peak of my powers but time is running out. I've been feeling that for years. I keep thinking I can't do this too much longer—I won't be able to do this because you can't *be* in popular music if you're 30 or 40 years old."

Also, his marriage has broken up; Simon and his wife now live an uneasy four blocks apart, and their 3-year-old son (with whom Simon will be sharing a dinner of cookies and canned peas this evening) shuttles back and forth. Simon mentions that getting unmarried is the main thing he's been doing for the past two years; *Still Crazy* certainly reflects that. He talks about "I Do It For Your Love," a song of disappointment that begins by describing a wedding ceremony. (Like many of the album's songs, this one is full of powerful contrasts; the title line remains in the present tense, although the story it comments on is set in the past.) "That song is. . . I hope you won't quote me, but you can say it, you can speculate on it," he hedges. "That song's really about my marriage." When it is suggested to him that the whole album clearly shares that common subject, he reconsiders: "Actually, the whole album *is* about my marriage. So I guess it's inevitable that people will notice it. But when they speculate about it, I don't like that too much. It embarrasses me. It drifts into the music and I can't help it. But 'I Do It For Your Love' got it out of me—that was a very emotional song for me, a very truthful song. I was *crying* in the middle of that song, when I was writing some of those lyrics. That's really me—I don't know how good a song it is, but it's really about my life." However painful it may be for him, the subject is the one of which he has his surest command: "I think that's what I write best about, men and women. But I hardly *ever* write about 'em romantically. In fact, the romantic songs that I wrote are the ones that I dislike the most—'For Emily,' all that stuff, I just can't stand it."

The most public of Simon's recent changes has been his easing back into some sort of professional relationship with his old friend Art Garfunkel. "My Little Town," their current hit single, is their first collaborative effort since the *Bridge Over Troubled Water* album. And during Simon's tour, Garfunkel made surprise appearances on several dates. (His San Francisco visit was a surprise even to Simon. "I came offstage, and I was adjusting the guitar to go out and do my last number, and there's Artie coming over, singing in my ear.") The idea of making a few brief appearances together was originally Simon's: "I thought it would be fun. I asked him to do it last summer, when I was about to sign up the tour—I thought, 'Well, that'll be fun.' But as the tour got going and I could see that everything was fine, I began to dread that he'd be coming onstage in Los Angeles, 'cause here I have this perfectly balanced show that's now gonna get thrown topsy-turvy. So for the first show in Los Angeles, he didn't come out—I said just watch the show and see what you think. The second show he did come out, and it was nothing like I had been fearing.

"He just ambled out, the way he does, at the end of the first half and sang 'My Little Town' and 'The Boxer.' And at the end of the concert he came back out with me and we sang 'Old Friends.' It really was special and nice. And it seemed to me to be very appropriate as I was singing it, it was all about the Sixties—that's what *we* were about, really. It's like saying, yeah, this is what we were, and that's when it happened—'Time it was, and what a time it was/A time of innocence, a time. . . .Preserve your memories.' "

Paul and Artie still "*do* get along. . . we get along, yeah. . . well, as long as it's *structured.* Outside of a certain structure, we just don't agree. About *anything,* just about. Certainly we don't agree about music. We don't much talk about it, because it's. . . I feel it's quite apparent that what he does and what I do are very different. I suspect that he feels I should be doin' something closer to him."

Though he has never been shy about it, Simon now talks about his days as half of a duo more frankly and comfortably than he used to. Part of the reason for that is Simon's growing confidence in his own abilities as a soloist. His attitude toward solo performing is nothing if not pragmatic; when it came time to make a live album two years ago, he reduced the situation to "a problem to be solved: How do I entertain and be different from Simon and Garfunkel? When you stripped away one of the voices, it was not sufficient, in my opinion. It needed more musicians, more voices. What I decided to do was add different elements altogether." Simon's solo music has incorporated such seemingly diverse elements as South America's Urubamba, the gospel Jessy Dixon Singers, the jazz violin of Stephane Grappelli and, most recently, Toots Thielmans' virtuoso harmonica.

"It took me a long time before I finally said, 'Look, writing songs is really a respectable little art form.' " But Simon's work reflects the fact that he has unquestionably come around to that opinion by now; he designs his songs with a rare and deliberate craftsmanship, building them to last. How long? "If it lasts five years, I think you can't ask for more than that, that's a real success. Five years and being played on Muzak is as much as I could ask.

"I *really* get off on getting in an elevator and hearing one of my things on Muzak. Or on an airplane. I really do. I *like* to hear Boots Randolph's version of whatever it is on an airplane. I feel like I succeeded; this tune made it. It made it into people's ears."

Movies

Fuhrer over nothing

By Nik Cohn

The Hindenburg, in the time-honored phrase, is a film that aims low and misses. Unlike most of its predecessors in the disaster-movie stakes, it takes a real event, the destruction of real people, and turns it into a series of mechanical sobs and gasps. But even at this cut-price level of schlock, the film is adrift. Its special effects are turgid, its direction pure hack, its screenplay quite numbingly mindless. And on top of all that, it lies.

The *Hindenburg* itself, for those whose history lessons have grown dim, was the last in the great series of German flying machines that preceded World War II. Completed in 1936, it was the most extravagant airliner ever designed, complete with private cabins, first-class restaurants and massage rooms. The perfect symbol of Teutonic preeminence, in fact. So the Nazis surrounded its flight to the States with as much hoopla as if it were the *Titanic* and, as it proved, with roughly the same results: Coming in to make its first American landing, with a multitude of gawkers looking on and radio commentators going gaga, the *Hindenburg* suddenly blew up.

The cause of the disaster has never been determined. In all probability, there was some mechanical failure; certainly no evidence exists of sabotage. However, as the official investigation noted, since no other theory can be proved beyond doubt, there remains a faint possibility of foul play.

On this small loophole, the makers of *The Hindenburg* have based their film. In their version, the explosion becomes the work of the German resistance movement, in an attempt to publicize their fight.

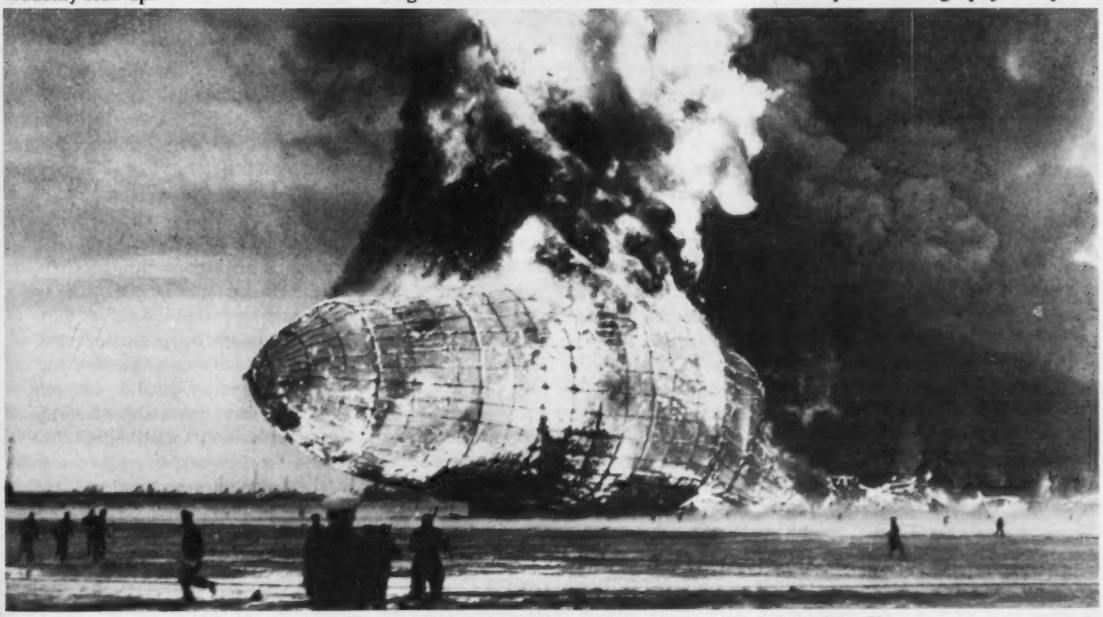
Of all solutions to the mystery, this seems among the most unlikely. Still, it serves its cinematic purpose, which is to translate the loss of hundreds of lives into the cheapest kind of political thriller, filled with demonic Nazis and heroic freedom fighters, plus a scattering of comic cameos for light relief.

For most of the time, the movie revolves around George C. Scott, a military detective hired to protect the flight from mischief. Looking as though he had just swallowed a pilchard the wrong way, he gazes at the camera with shifty eyes and rasps out his lines as though every syllable choked him. And who can blame him? For here is some of the most witless dialogue in years, so plodding that it fails even as unintentional camp.

Opposite Scott there is Anne Bancroft, unsuitably cast as a decadent countess, forever puffing hashish from an ornamental pipe, cheating at cards and sighing gracefully, wistfully, as she remembers happier days gone by. In partnership with Scott, she makes up one of the most improbable, not to say unerotic, pairs of star-crossed lovers the cinema has ever devised: "Dear, sweet Franz," purrs the countess, dewy-eyed. "Aaargghhh," replies Scott. And really, there is no more to be said.

The other leads are on the same level. William Atherton, who spent so much time looking droopy in *The Day of the Locust*, looks even droopier here, impersonating the noble young saboteur, hell-bent on martyrdom. Roy Thinnes hisses and sneers to routine effect as the number one Nazi swine. Burgess Meredith, Rene Auberjonois and Robert Clary trot out the quasi-comic interludes. And so it drags on, interminably, at a general level of invention and characterization no better and no worse than an average episode of *Police Woman* or *The Streets of San Francisco*.

In such a league, it would be pointless overkill to drum home all the details, dismembering in turn the direction, script, cinematography and special



Crash landing: The real *Hindenburg*'s fate isn't far removed from that of the film.

effects. But even in this context, when the whole film is based on fibs, there is one fraud so gross that it really cannot be passed.

The fraud in question involves the depiction of the Germans. In *The Hindenburg,* as in so many Hollywood fictions through the years, Nazism is shown as a scattered aberration, restricted to a few power-crazed freaks in jackboots, while the masses remain liberal, staunchly humane. Thus Scott, Bancroft and Atherton, and most of the other leading characters, are all revealed as jolly, decent types who wouldn't harm a fly. *There's a Lot To Be Said for the Fuhrer,* a whimsical little satire, is the hit of the in-flight party, Scott agonizes over Guernica, Jews are treated like precious stones. On this evidence, prewar Germany was one long parade of angels.

What does it matter? This is only a movie, after all, a commercial amusement. One mustn't wax too pompous or lose proportion. Yet, however trivial *The Hindenburg*'s intentions, the deception still niggles. For this kind of whitewash serves a central and most insidious pretense, namely, that Nazism and all the other grotesqueries of our recent history were in some way accidents, freak conspiracies fobbed off on the majority by a tiny, evil caucus. We weren't there. It wasn't us. It was all a mistake, long ago, far away, acted out by androids.

Not so, of course. And, for myself, I find the distortion insulting. Even adventure flicks, the most routine of entertainments, owe us some touch of reality,some small smidgen of truth beneath the gloss. In *The Hindenburg,* that underbelly is totally lacking. So the film is not merely incompetent, a piece of vacuous pap; it is also, at root, unclean.

The Magic Flute, by Ingmar Bergman out of Mozart, left me much perplexed. It's such a marvelous opera, such an uncontrollable enchantment, that I sat through the film in total acceptance. Vaguely, I noticed that the standard of singing was indifferent, that the Queen of the Night was a disaster, that Papageno looked like a refugee from some Scandinavian sex farce. But, for the most part, I was simply content to drift, listening to the colors, as they used to say in Haight-Ashbury. Only at the end, when the screen went blank and I came back inside my skin, did I realize the truth: For four-fifths of the movie, I'd been sitting with my eyes shut.

That is not much of a reaction to any film. On second thought, however, it seemed the only reaction possible. For *The Magic Flute* is not truly a film at all. Instead of translating the opera into cinematic terms, Bergman merely sets up his cameras around the stage, records the action straight and then, to add some semblance of invention, stirs in a few brief scenes backstage, some close-ups of a young girl watching, plus a montage of flames and balletic writhings at the end, in accompaniment to Tamino's trials.

Most disappointing. Originally, the film was made for Swedish television, and its prime purpose, presumably, was educational. On that level, it is adequate, no more. But for anyone expecting more—new and startling perceptions into the opera's essence, or even some flashes of visual imagination—*The Magic Flute* is a curiously neutral experience.

Books

Royal flush

By Geoffrey Wolff

The Bathroom *by Alexander Kira.* Viking (272 pp., $18.95; paperback $7.95).

"Since the dawn of time," Professor Alexander Kira reminds his readers, "man has searched in various ways to answer the question, 'Who am I?' " Ask no more: You are defined by the professor as a bathroom-using animal, and the bathroom that you use is cramped, ill-designed, dangerous and unclean. But as befits an architect and designer who reflects upon the questions man has asked "since the dawn of time," Professor Kira is a dreamer, and he announces this revised edition of a ten-year-old book with a call to arms: "A society can have anything it cares enough about and is willing to pay for." Equal rights under the law? A supersonic transport? Free higher education? Better medical care? Eternal youth? No. We are speaking here of higher, wider and deeper sinks, of more comfortably sculpted bathtubs,with hand sprays for all, of showers with recessed shelves and wraparound safety bars, of urinals for home use and lower toilets with easy-to-clean seats.

It may be said that Professor Kira's *tour d'horizon* of the bathroom has provoked in him a kind of tunnel vision, which causes him to look upon our decade as The Age of Porcelain: "It has been suggested that, whereas the fifties and sixties were the era of the kitchen and family room, the seventies will be the era of the bathroom and body care." On the other hand, for every step forward there are two steps back: "Whereas in the past the bathroom might be used to sneak an illegal cigarette, or to masturbate, or to engage in homosexual activities, today we are also finding the public bathroom used for narcotics dealings, muggings and, finally, bombings."

Professor Kira is undaunted, believing that he who is not part of the solution is clearly part of the problem. The toilet, seat and bowl, being a target of his special contempt, he devotes an entire chapter to *Design Criteria for Defecation,* together with a subheading titled "Description of Activity." This chapter is lavishly illustrated, his male subject being a bearded fellow, appropriately distracted, discovered in one frame to be reading a newspaper that advertises eggs at 79¢ per dozen. It reports on buttock loads that result from sitting ("as high as 4,218 g/cm^2") and does not neglect an "approach to a water closet reading seat," a device called the AD 2000 Comfort Control Center, with such features as a reading light, ashtray, radio, TV, timer—*timer*?!—tilting massage back and bidet. For further study and inspiration, Professor Kira refers his readers to his colleague in England, I.L. McClelland, whose *Ergonomics of W.C. Pans* is not without merit.

It might be presumed that we Americans, with our affection for objects wrapped in plastic, for private feminine parts sprayed with artificial fruit flavors and for dwellings free of *house-a-tosis,* would be in the vanguard of bathroom reformers. In fact, the British have stolen a march on us as regards scientific study of its citizens' hygienic customs. A 1962 report by J.A. Cameron, duly acknowledged for its thoroughness by Professor Kira, reveals that not only were 9 percent of the English-

men visiting their doctors discovered to be wearing no underpants, "some 44 per cent revealed fecal contamination of their underpants, or trousers in the case of those who wore no underwear, ranging from 'wasp-coloured staining' to 'frank massive faeces.'" The report added, with some justice, that "a surprise inspection" might reveal percentages even more dismal than these.

The offending objects themselves are described by Professor Kira, with his usual attention to detail, as varying in size "from 100 to 205mm (4 to 8 inches) long by 15 to 40mm (½ to 1½ inches) and in weight from 100 to 200 grams." These, with no weight equivalent offered in ounces, are "the feces of an average healthy adult." A survey at Cornell University, where Professor Kira teaches in the department of architecture, showed that among the respondents "34 per cent flushed while seated and 66 per cent after standing up." Such distinctions, the quirks and kinks that make bathroom-using animals people rather than mere statistics, make the world interesting for the professor. Some men, for example, piss with *brio* directly into the center of the toilet, raising waves, as it were, while others prefer to hide their activity, aiming above the water line, all the while coughing loudly or running the faucet.

"The soiled fixtures and soiled, discolored, and rotted floors and walls, with which everyone is familiar, result from the male's use of the water closet, which is completely inadequate for this purpose, instead of a separate urinal. The key to these problems lies in understanding the particular characteristics of the male urine stream." The professor is too tolerant. The solution to the problem of splashback, it would seem to this reader, lies in the correction of filthy, disgusting habits. A little fastidiousness is called for. Did not Tournefort tell us of the "Mahometans" that "when they make water, they squat down like women, for fear some drops of urine should fall into their breeches? To prevent this evil, they squeeze the part very carefully, and rub the head of it against a wall; and one may see the stones worn in several places by this custom." And that was in ancient times, when Jews were said to feel so little affection for their neighbors in ancient Jerusalem that they would "pepper the stones. . . where the Mohammedans would dry their penises after urination."

One would expect a sense of history in so comprehensive a survey as this, and Professor Kira does not disappoint, bringing his readers up to date with the news that during the early days of our space program NASA decided that to jettison solid waste materials from space capsules was okay, but to put solid *body* wastes into orbit—even though these would vaporize—was "diplomatically unacceptable." Just so: Delicate sense leads where science dares not follow. Nations maintain different standards in such matters, and, sad to say, the English, despite their pioneering investigation of the state of their countrymen's underpants, have been sadly retrograde. Charles II, visiting Oxford with his court in 1665, left behind a lamentable impression of himself and his companions: "Though they were neat and gay in their apparrell, yet they were very nasty and beastly, leaving at their departure their excrements in every corner, in chimneys, studies, coleholes, cellars."

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Sitting pretty: According to Professor Kira, it's not as easy as you think.

It is no simple matter to maintain cleanliness and high standards of hygienic decency. Even the washing of hands—described by Professor Kira as "probably the simplest and most frequently performed cleansing activity"—seems to this reader marginally more complex than learning to play the cello or ski by the Austrian method. "The parts must be wetted, soaped, massaged and/or scrubbed, and rinsed with clean water. Except when the hands are exceptionally dirty and need prolonged scrubbing or repeated washing, the process is accomplished in a single cycle usually lasting less than a minute." Sounds easy, right? Wait: "In terms of ideal posture, the body should be in a relaxed vertical position and the hands should be manipulated just in front of the body, with the upper arm vertical and the forearm extended horizontally. During the wetting and rinsing part of the process the hands are generally held slightly lower to prevent water from running down the arm and slightly further forward to prevent any water from splashing on clothing."

Such is simplicity itself measured against his instructions for rising from the tub, although illustrations do help. Perhaps the blame for my difficulty in learning to exercise the salubrious activities described and advocated by Professor Kira should be placed not entirely, as he in his generosity would place it, on the poor design of my plumbing fixtures. Perhaps the defect is one of inattention, the product of a "hit-or-miss" (as he so happily describes the sad state of male urination) affair with *The Bathroom*. Reading it where and how I did, I have perhaps not done it full justice. I am sorry to report that the water closet, contrary to the belief of St. Gregory as quoted by the author, is not an ideal place of "uninterrupted reading." May I suggest to Professor Kira, should he feel that his book has been ill-used by my words, the remedy of a reply? An abused writer once informed a journalist: "I am sitting in a small room. Your review of my book is in front of me, and soon it will be behind me."

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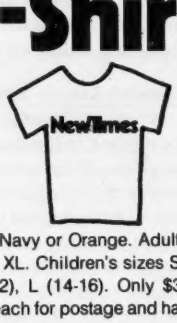

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The age of faction

Final Tribute

By James Landis

Our taste for fiction, once ravenous and refined, has turned to a taste for warmed-over reality. Many of the year's big novels—worthy books all—contain as a basic ingredient a promise of historical actuality, however distorted. *Ragtime, Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Centennial, The Seven-Per-Cent Solution,* even *Jaws.* The reader wants to be assured that he's going to learn something new about something he already knows; only then will he pay for a chance to further his education. The novel has become perversely didactic. You might as well curl up with a good cookbook, a tract on self-improvement or some juicy piece of politics.

As the "drama of Watergate unfolded," it was said time and again that what we had here was "stranger than fiction," that "no novel" could capture the sweep, the drama, etc., of such a prodigious historical event; that "no novelist" would be *believed* if he had written this story. The Watergate episode may well have been not the first step on the road to truth but the last on our common journey toward falsification. As a nation, that summer of 1973, while the Ervin committee and all the rest of us tried to put together the Watergate story, we gave in to an absolute hunger for fact. And fact we took for truth.

Facts can be learned but they cannot be learned from. They yield—they are—data. And data, as we all know, are nothing until they are processed. But to traverse Tom Stoppard, our hearts belong to data.

And so, in this scavenging after fact, the novel continued to be discredited. We had no time for make-believe; we cared to learn only what had "really happened."

From our journalists we learned a good deal of what had really happened. Facts and more facts. But nothing about our lives. Nothing that made us feel the ever-ambiguous chill that passes through us when we sense for a moment that life is good but nonetheless will one day be frozen out of us forever.

The novel once brought us home to ourselves this way. We read stories because . . . we read stories for all sorts of reasons, for edification and entertainment both, and far more the latter, but we read them because we knew when we began that if the story were a good story, if it were well-told, we would believe it. In believing it, we would transform both it and ourselves in one magic process, for as we entered the story, it entered us. And thus we would live it, and in living it, as in living most anything, we would learn.

Of course we knew it was make-believe. That was some of the joy of it. To spend a whole day working at some job, making a living and keeping a home, and then, in the evening, to stretch out with a light behind the shoulder and a book on the belly and to read, to read aware for a while of how artificial all this was, aware of outside sounds and the nuisance of turning the pages, until the pages seemed to turn by themselves, until the book was put face-down on the belly without our even knowing it, and, no longer reading, we spent more time than seemed possible with the book's characters in our minds and with ourselves in the book with them—this was the joy of it, this participation in the patently false, wholly real world of the truth beyond fact.

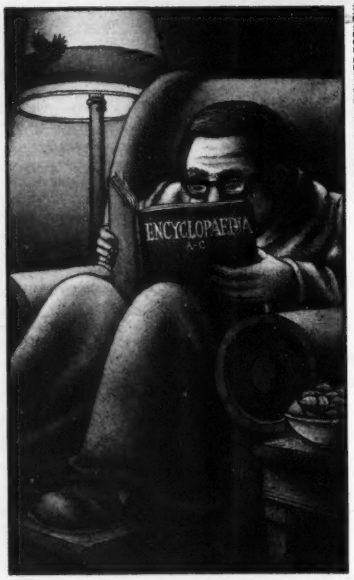


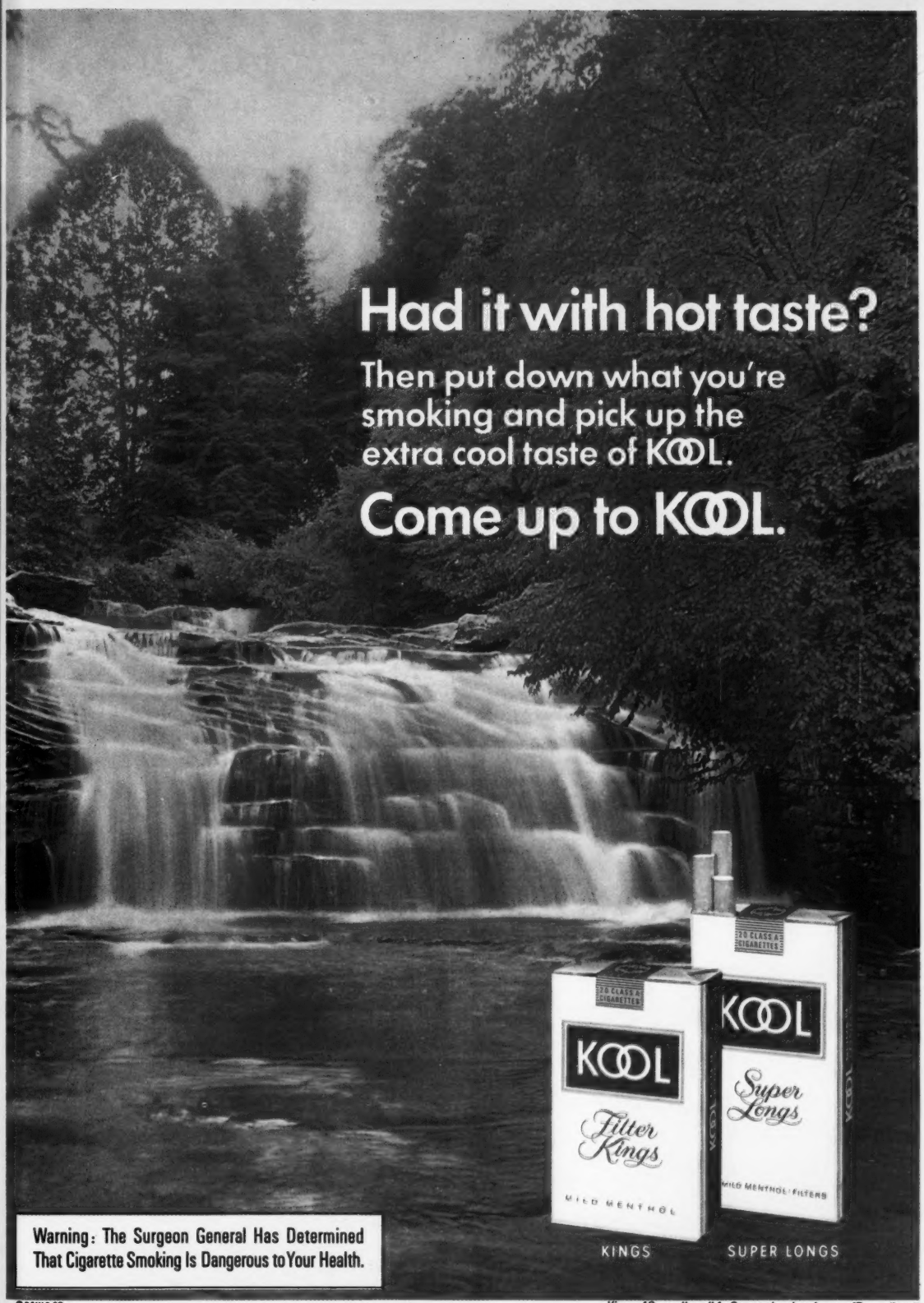
ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

It takes some trust to live this way. It takes some almost childish vulnerability to admit that you believe in a story and, further, that you can live for a bit in another world, a world of images and symbols, of the insubstantial and unsubstantiated, of the unprovable and the unknown.

It takes more trust than most of us now seem to have. For we want to *know.* We want to know the facts. And thus our heroes are journalists, who dig out the facts and shovel them to us in a prose calculated to keep us from dreaming. Our novelists are in despair, and those who have not turned to writing novels about writing novels are writing novels about the news. Our most successful genre of fiction is faction. And we await the novels of an ex-vice-president, an ex-mayor and an ex-presidential adviser, which will tell us things we already know so well that they think we'll be fooled only if they package fact as so-called fiction. And fooled we'll be; we'll read the fiction to learn the fact. And we'll learn nothing we don't already know.

But there will be comfort in that. Fact, after all, is precise, unambiguous and knowable. What is known is not feared (though perhaps it ought to be). We attach ourselves to a body of fact, mistaking it for knowledge, in order not to be afraid. Or not to be quite so afraid. It's as if the human mind can no longer tolerate what it might imagine, so nearly intolerable is what it knows.

And so we do not tolerate *fiction,* the novel that calls for the most active participation of our own imaginations, for we do not, in the end, tolerate that part of ourselves most likely to disdain caution and to wander the streets alone. We accept only one version of reality, we admit our lives into evidence only through the due process of the fact and we are dying from our fear of living fully. Soon we shall no longer be able even to imagine what it is like to feel with the feelings of anyone else. ●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NAOMI SIMS

HOME: New York City

AGE: 26

PROFESSION: Writer, businesswoman, one of America's most original and successful wig designers

HOBBIES: Collecting contemporary art, Southern cooking, water-skiing.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Pathos of Power" by Kenneth Clark

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote the encyclopedic "Naomi Sims' Health and Beauty for the Black Woman."

QUOTE: "I feel that true beauty must be a reflection of the spirit as well as a quality of the face or body. Good health is crucial to beauty, and too many women overlook the importance of an annual checkup."

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